HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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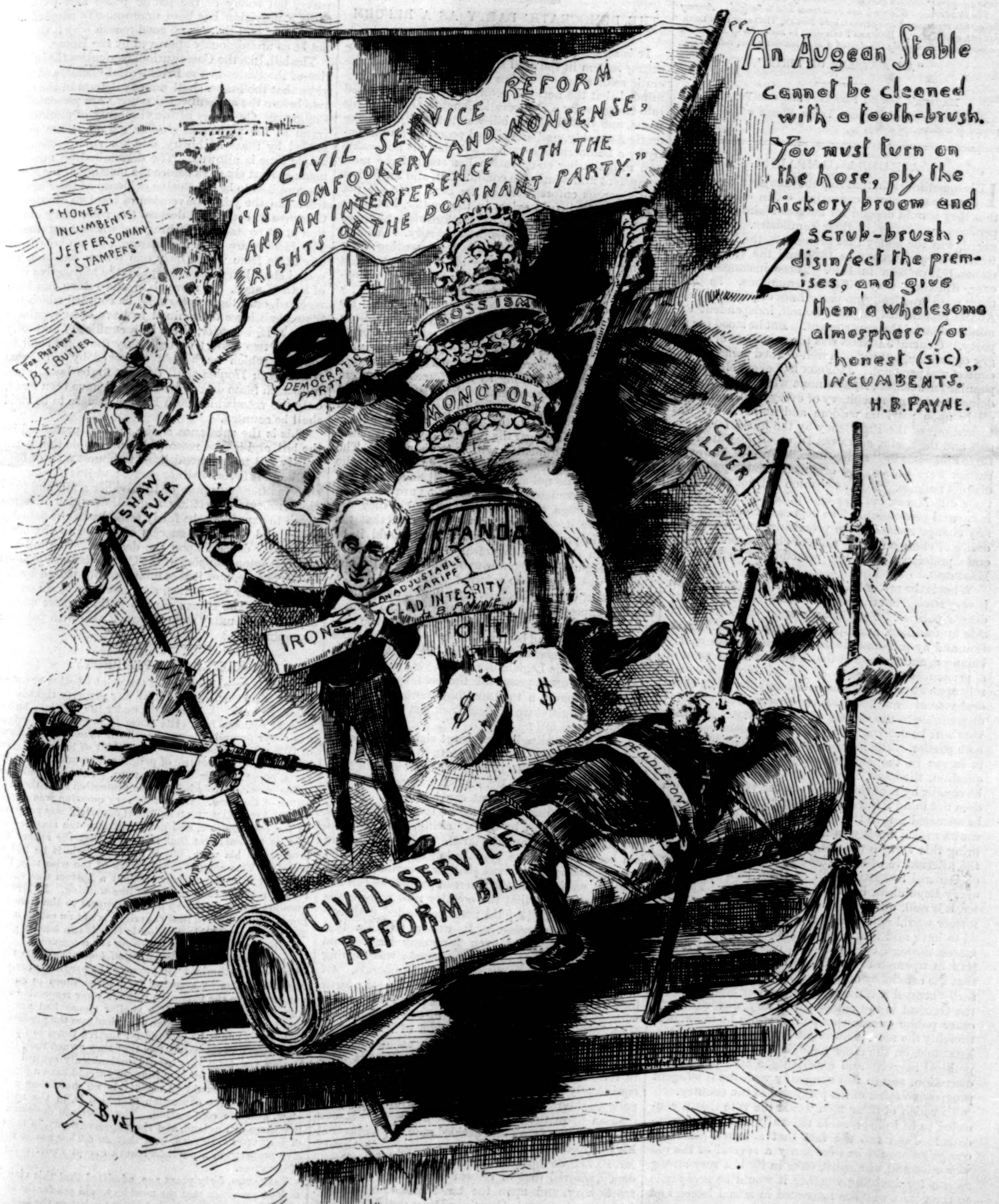


CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
"IS TOMFOOLERY AND NONSENSE, AND AN INTERFERENCE WITH THE RIGHTS OF THE DOMINANT PARTY."
"An Augean Stable cannot be cleaned with a tooth-brush. You must turn on the hose, ply the hickory broom and scrub-brush, disinfect the premises, and give them a wholesome atmosphere for honest (sic) INCUMBENTS."
H. B. PAYNE.
'HONEST' INCUMBENTS. JEFFERSONIAN "STAMPERS"
FOR PRESIDENT B. F. BUTLER
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
BOSSISM
MONOPOLY
CLAY LEVER
SHAW LEVER
STANDA
OIL
AN ADJUSTABLE TARIFF
IRON CLAD INTEGRITY
H. B. PAYNE
$
$
PENDLETON
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM BILL
C. G. Bush

UNMASKING.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

"No more welcome gift can be bestowed upon a boy or girl."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 29, contains a thrilling story for boys, by ELIOT MCCORMICK, *entitled*

"ADRIFT IN THE BAY";

"*The Ice Queen,*" *by* ERNEST INGERSOLL, *constantly gains in interest as the story develops; "The Babiroussa" is an entertaining sketch of animal life.*

Special attention may be called to an article entitled "The King of Games," by GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, *wherein that author initiates his young readers into the mysteries of chess.*

The illustrations this week are numerous and beautiful. Among the artists represented are SCHELL *and* HOGAN, THULSTRUP, CULMER BARNES, *and* KELLY. HOWARD PYLE *adds to his series of humorous poems most humorously illustrated a very amusing one, entitled*

"AN ACCIDENT OF BIRTH."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $1 50 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

A HURRA CAMPAIGN.

IT is sometimes said that Republicans should rely this year upon a hurra campaign, or, in other words, that they should depend for success mainly upon the personal popularity of their candidates. This, it is urged, was the policy that brought in the Democrats with General JACKSON in 1829, and the Whigs with General HARRISON in 1840. Those instances, however, illustrate very different situations. In 1829 there were practically no party lines or policies. Mr. ADAMS represented an able, honest, independent administration of the government. But he stood for no party. General JACKSON was the candidate of a hungry opposition, but not of a well-defined policy. The contest was personal. JACKSON had every element of popular enthusiasm, ADAMS none whatever. He disdained tricks and machinery of every kind, and relied solely upon patriotic wisdom and ability. He was turned out of the Presidency by the hurra for JACKSON and the spoils, as JAMES II. was sung out of the three kingdoms by "Lillibullero." In 1840, however, parties were thoroughly organized, and represented distinct policies. Yet the election did not turn upon their differences, but was determined by the general industrial prostration. The depression was such that any change seemed to be promising, and it was the desire of change for the sake of change, not a deliberate preference of Whig principles, which elected HARRISON.

What is the present situation? Party organization is very strong, but the parties do not represent clearly drawn policies. They cohere upon the Democratic side by tradition, and upon the Republican by tradition and by profound distrust. Yet they are nearly balanced, and because of that fact, and of the want of a pronounced difference of policy, they must each rely upon attracting the independent vote. The electoral vote of New York, for instance, is held to be indispensable to the success of either party. But that vote will be determined by the independent voters in both parties. The independent contingent, however, is larger in the Republican party. The practical question, therefore, is whether this contingent will be caught by a hurra. Is it not the very vote which does not mind a hurra? On the contrary, will it not be attracted just in the degree that a party as a party shows wise sympathy with progress and reform? To bring this view to the test of an illustration, look at the alternative of the candidacy of Mr. EDMUNDS or of General SHERMAN, both of them men for whom every Republican has the heartiest regard. The latter, it is said, would make a hurra campaign, and the former would not. Indeed, one gentleman is reported to have said that a vivid stump description of the march through Georgia would carry General SHERMAN in triumph to the White House. It is obvious that the candidacy of General SHERMAN would necessarily compel a canvass upon the war issue, because the General is not associated in any way with any other public question or policy, while he is unquestionably the most picturesque figure of the war. Mr. EDMUNDS, on the other hand, is a statesman of great political sagacity and experience, a man of singular discretion, and in full sympathy with the intelligent progressive spirit of his party and of the country.

To which of these men would the vote that is conceded to be indispensable naturally and strongly incline? Does not the fact that a hurra SHERMAN campaign would be necessarily a revival of the old war cries and war spirit offer in itself a very strong reason for doubting whether it would be acceptable to the voters who are interested in actual issues, and who would deprecate turning back to those of ten years ago? If the party represented a supreme and absorbing question as before, during, and just after the war, every other consideration would be subordinated to that, and the louder the personal hurra the greater would be the enthusiasm of the campaign. But the actual situation is very different. It not only does not require a hurra, but a mere hurra would be very prejudicial. It is to be a remarkably intelligent and independent campaign, and votes quite enough to decide it will be cast upon the deliberate conviction that the natural, wise, orderly, patriotic, and progressive course of the government will be more probably secured by one party than by the other. In forming this conclusion the character and significance of the candidate will be, of course, a very important consideration. But as the Republican party will not hurra for the spoils, it can not wisely hurra for the war. Its hurra must be for the reform which it has auspiciously begun, and for the progress to which by its general intelligence and traditions it is devoted.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AS A REFORM PARTY.

IT is sometimes alleged that this journal in advocating reform in the civil service is unjust to Democratic reformers. We have been more than once reminded that the national reform bill was introduced into Congress by a Democratic Senator, and bears his name, and that the State bill was passed by a Democratic Assembly, and was signed promptly and heartily by a Democratic Governor, and that his honorable and unhesitating co-operation has secured the most competent and admirable commission, and an honest and vigorous enforcement of the law. We are not conscious of willful neglect in the matter, but if we have not heretofore adequately acknowledged those cheering facts, we do so now most heartily. We are, however, conscious that we are but repeating what we have remarked more than once in saying that Democrats are to be counted among the most prominent, earnest, and efficient friends of reform.

But would any candid Democrat contend that his party can be trusted as securely as the Republican party with the future conduct of the reform? Granting that it is for the interest of the Republican party to maintain and enforce the reformed system because it is in power, yet so long as it enforces the system for which reformers contend, is the system imperiled because it is the party interest to maintain it? And do not all reformers, both Democratic and Republican, hold that the longer the reformed system is maintained the more difficult it will be to disturb it? The Republican press almost universally now accepts the reform. We do not say that they all honestly desire it, but they acquiesce, as the dissenters acquiesced in colored suffrage after the war, although they did not approve it. But can it be truly said that the Democratic press supports reform? or would it be possible in any State to defeat the re-election of a leading Republican Senator upon the express ground that he was friendly to reform? The defeat of Mr. PENDLETON was a deliberate, intentional, and unmistakable expression of party hostility to the reform with which his name was associated, and for the support of which he had been vehemently assailed. Does any candid Democrat doubt that the action of the Ohio Democratic Legislature of this year in defeating Mr. PENDLETON represented the real spirit of the Democratic party a thousandfold more truly than that of the Legislature of New York last year in passing the reform bill?

Another exceedingly significant sign is the speech of the newly elected Senator PAYNE in Ohio, and that of Senator WARNER MILLER the other evening in New York. The speech of Mr. PAYNE was certainly not one of which any Democrat can be proud. It was the speech of a man who despised the intelligence of those whose support he was soliciting. He spoke of two points—reform and the tariff. Conscious that he had been elected by a spirit inimical to reform, he dully reproduced the most shallow commonplaces of hostility, ending with the assertion, which he can not believe to be true, that the country now regards the public service as "a fetid mass permeated with rottenness and gangrene." It was a twaddle that would have disgraced even Tammany Hall. And Mr. PAYNE'S remedy for the rottenness was turning public service into party spoils for Democrats. Of the tariff he said in substance that he was for a tariff that would suit everybody. It was a speech wholly without elevation or generosity of tone, without the least political grasp or courage, and of which every honorable Democrat must be heartily ashamed. Senator MILLER, on the other hand, reiterated his faith in reform and its beneficent results, and while unequivocally announcing his adhesion to the protective policy, acknowledged that there were differences of opinion upon the subject within his party. It was the speech of a frank and decided man, conscious that his party demands progress and reform, while that of Mr. PAYNE, as the speech of an aspirant for the Presidency, showed that in reform his party is violently reactionary, and upon the tariff holds no distinctive view whatever. Certainly Democratic reformers ought not to be surprised that the Democratic party is not believed to be friendly to the reform which they most actively and honorably support.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

MR. HOAR'S Electoral Count Bill offers a test of the patriotic good sense of Congress. It is universally admitted that the weak point of our political system is the provision for finally determining the result of the Presidential election. Its weakness was seen and mentioned by the ablest commentators upon the Constitution, and the election of 1876 brought us face to face with the difficulty arising from the obscurity of the electoral provisions, and except for the then recent ghastly experience of civil disturbance, the sagacious moderation of a majority in Congress, and the patriotism of the Democratic candidate, the country would have been plunged into anarchy. Trouble of the same general kind, arising from the same cause, is as probable next winter as it was in the winter of 1876-7. Yet it is a trouble which can be avoided by a very simple provision, which is not in the interest of either party, but solely of the public peace and welfare. Such a provision has been unanimously adopted by the Senate, and there is no good reason why it should not be as unanimously approved by the House.

The bill, like the Constitution, recognizes the initiative of the States in the Presidential choice, and provides that the States shall remedy defects in the election before the authenticated returns are presented to Congress. Questions of the eligibility of electors, of fraud at the polls, and similar questions, are to be settled by State authority, and for such settlement ample time is allowed. The determination must be made at least six days before the meeting of the electors, and it is to be conclusive evidence of their lawful title. In the joint convention of the two Houses of Congress to count and declare the vote, every objection must be stated in writing and without argument. The Houses are then to separate, and no vote from any State from which only one return has been received shall be rejected except by the affirmative vote of both Houses. If more than one return has been received, only those votes shall be counted which the State shall have determined to have been regularly given. If, however, there be a conflict of authority between two State tribunals, only the votes shall be received which have been approved by a tribunal which both Houses shall declare to be lawful, and if no such State determination shall have been made, only the votes which both Houses declare to be valid shall be counted.

This is the substance of the method prescribed by the bill, and it is so reasonable and simple that it can hardly fail to commend itself to honest men of both parties. It favors neither party, and it is obviously a sincere attempt to provide in advance a fair and judicious scheme of settling a question which it is too much to expect can be fairly settled when it actually arises, and when the success of one or of the other party may depend upon the decision. The bill had the unanimous support of the Committee on Elections in the Senate, and it was unanimously passed by the Senate winter before last, as it has been again passed this year. The House can do nothing more acceptable to the country than to pass it also with patriotic promptness.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

THERE is some discussion of the point whether or not an author is acknowledged to have any property right in his published work. Undoubtedly, under the decisions, he has none at common law. His claim to perpetual copyright was never formally disputed until the famous act of ANNE in 1709, which, "for the encouragement of learning," gave him the exclusive control of printing his work for fourteen years, renewable for the same term. This specified limitation presumptively left him no protection after the expiration of the term. When this very question was argued in 1766, Lord MANSFIELD held that copyright was perpetual by the common law, and not limited by the statute—except as to penalties; that is to say, that the author had property in his work, but if anybody stole it he had no remedy. This suggests the remark of the wise man that transport in a Sedan-chair without a bottom was, except for the name of the thing, very like walking. In 1774 the question was brought up on final appeal to the House of Lords, which decided that copyright is not an estate in fee. The substance of this decision is that it is a bounty given for a limited time for the benefit of the community.

In this country the Constitution holds the same view. Congress is authorized "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." If a similar clause had provided that to promote the progress of agriculture the products of their fields might be secured for limited times to farmers, the farmers would hardly feel that they owned their farms. During the term they would undoubtedly control them. In that sense and for that time they would have a property right. But it would be effectively no more than a temporary grant, the expiration of which is, in the author's view, absolute confiscation. The American decisions follow those of England, and the Supreme Court, in the case of WHEATON v. PETERS, held that an author has no exclusive property in a published work except under some act of Congress.

TALFOURD, forty years ago, admitted that this view had so long prevailed that the most he would ask for the author would be a longer term; and HUXLEY, before the late Commission upon the subject in England, took the same view. This is also the assumption of Mr. DORSHEIMER'S bill. He would limit the bounty to a foreign author to twenty-five years, and it should cease at his death. To the American author and his heirs the bounty is granted by renewal for forty-two years. This was the term approved by Macaulay, who opposed perpetual copyright as a monopoly which did not benefit the author and heavily taxed the reader. But he does not show how it is a monopoly more than any other ownership of property. The present practical question is, in what way a reasonable protection of all interests concerned can be secured. Talfourd, who was the Parliamentary champion of the rights of authors, held that the interests of the author, of the publisher, and of the public were essentially one, and surely it is by co-operation that desirable changes in the law can be most speedily secured.

THE FITZ-JOHN PORTER CASE.

There has been no clearer or completer statement of the Fitz-John Porter case than that made by Colonel Theodore Lyman, of Massachusetts, in the late debate. It is unfortunate that General Slocum allowed his impatience to prejudice his cause. It was obviously unwise to wound the self-love of the House by telling the members that they could not understand the question, and it showed singular forgetfulness of the fact that, however ignorant they might be, they were the sole and final tribunal.

Colonel Lyman, however, with perfect good-humor, improvised from the members and the desks and the aisles a chart of the scene, and then stated and considered very briefly the two charges: first, that Porter disobeyed the order to march to Bristoe Station; and second, that he disobeyed the order to attack. To the first charge Colonel Lyman replies that the delay of two hours in marching was entirely proper, in the military sense, and even if it were not so, Porter's arrival two hours late on a field where he was not needed deserved no rebuke more serious than a verbal reprimand. To the second charge Colonel Lyman replies that an order impossible of execution was delivered to Porter too late for him to attempt to execute it.

As to the different judgments of the earlier and the later court-martials, Colonel Lyman says truly that the first judgment was given in the midst of the passions and excitements and angry demands and expectations of actual war, and upon such testimony as was then accessible. The second judgment was given by equally competent and loyal soldiers after six months' careful deliberation upon much new testimony as well as the old. Moreover, of this last board of three officers, two were so prejudiced against General Porter that they asked to be relieved lest they might not do him justice. But the evidence in his favor was so overwhelming that they changed from hostility to admiration. To this striking fact may be properly added the entire change of opinion upon the part of General Grant after a very careful study of the whole case in the light of all the evidence. General Porter's persistence in seeking a final verdict, at the risk of damaging his good name forever, will undoubtedly have saved the country from persisting in a great wrong, and Colonel Lyman's brief and admirable speech will have done much to promote right action in the House and to produce a just opinion in the public mind.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MUNICIPAL REFORM.

The "deal" between Republicans and Democrats to organize the Board of Aldermen, and the fact—of which everybody is reminded by that performance—that the intelligence and character and public spirit of the city of New York are not in the least represented in its municipal government, should emphasize the demand that by the election of a really responsible Mayor decent citizens may be enabled to obtain some control of the city government.

Mr. George Bliss, while favoring the unrestricted power of appointment in the Mayor, would deprive him of the power of removal, and would leave removal to be accomplished by a lawsuit. This is practically the present method, and the results are painfully familiar. Mr. Bliss's reason seems to be that the Mayor's control of ten or twelve thousand employés would make him a dictator. But the very object of making a Mayor really responsible is that he may be voted out of office if he undertakes to make himself a dictator, or to play any other "little games" of that kind.

To prevent summary removal for proper reasons is to destroy the vigor and efficiency of any service; and if appointment for improper reasons is prevented, the power of removal should be left free. The way to induce a Mayor to appoint properly is to hold him wholly responsible. But if that will not prevent bad appointments, certainly delay and difficulty in changing them will not mend the matter.

"THE FIRST PERIOD OF THE MIDDLE AGES."

The *Herald* lately published a telegram from Rome stating that the Roman Vatican and Propaganda have decided upon a plan of campaign in this country, one point of which is that "parochial schools are to be established, and in doing so the principles of the first period of the Middle Ages are to be borne in mind."

Under the religious liberty which happily prevails in this country, and which does not prevail in any country where the Roman ecclesiastical power is supreme, any sect or branch of the Church universal may establish and support schools, either to teach "the humanities" or to propagate their peculiar views of religion. But we fear that "the principles of the first period of the Middle Ages" are not in high favor in the United States, and that although they may be "borne in mind," they will not afford a very encouraging foundation for any enterprise which is intended to flourish.

The truth is that the principles of the end of the nineteenth century are so universally accepted in this country that those of the first period of the Middle Ages, when conflicting with them, are like to be as crockery in collision with stone. In founding schools for American children of to-day it would be well to bear in mind that there has been considerable progress since the first period of the Middle Ages, and that education founded upon the principles of that time would, as the boys of this time say, "have no show" against that of an enlightened and democratic epoch.

"THE OLD GUARD."

Republican re-organization in the city of New York has not resulted in an entire change of managers. Many of the familiar names re-appear, and the "old crowd" will still be "on guard." But nevertheless there is a very great change. The old machine is pretty effectually demolished, and the Republican action of New York will not be determined hereafter by the disciplined dummies of city bosses.

The result in the city shows, however, that men who make a trade of politics and who live by them will tire out those who turn out now and then to vote. The remedy for this situation is found, not in groaning and grumbling, but in a wise use of the pocket pen and pencil. The only sure way to secure good nominations in the caucus is to defeat bad ones at the polls; and that defeat can be secured by scratching. There is nothing that the regular machine politician loathes so heartily as scratching. It is as disgusting to him as holy water to another personage. And it is but natural, because it baffles him completely.

The application of this remedy on the largest scale in 1882 was the most beneficent event in recent Republican politics, and the relics of the old machine are quite aware that it would be as serviceable this year as it was two years ago.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, commenting upon Lincoln's phrase "Government of the people, by the people, for the people," mentions passages of the same import in speeches of Webster and of Theodore Parker, and finds a resemblance to the other famous passage in Lincoln's second inaugural, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," etc., in a letter of John Quincy Adams, written in 1838, in reply to an invitation to attend a celebration at the final abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. Mr. Adams writes, "In charity with all mankind, bearing no malice or ill-will to any human being, and even compassionating those who hold in bondage their fellow-men, not knowing what they do."

A correspondent of the Weekly in Indiana carries the phrase "of the people," etc., farther back than Webster or Parker, and recalls an oration of Judge Story's, in which occur the words, "In a government where all the power is in the people, and from the people, and for the people." The passage appears, he says, in *Porter's Rhetorical Reader*, a manual of school declamations forty years ago.

These resemblances are interesting, and show how much originality lies in the expression rather than in the thought. Emerson says that the poet is the man who expresses most perfectly what other men have thought and felt. The idea of Mr. Lincoln's famous phrase was not new. But he put it into satisfactory and memorable form. Portia's description of mercy is recognized by every reader as an obvious truth never before so beautifully and adequately expressed.

PERSONAL.

The thousands of readers who are interested in the progress of William Black's new novel, "Judith Shakespeare, her Love Affairs and other Adventures," now in course of publication in Harper's Magazine, will be glad to learn that the report of the author's illness recently published in the daily papers is much exaggerated. Mr. Black needs recreation, and is in Scotland for that purpose. The publishers already have eight parts of his novel in type, and there is at present no reason to apprehend any interruption in the publication of the story — probably the greatest work that Mr. Black has produced.

—One of ex-Secretary Chase's daughters, a sister of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, is the wife of Mr. W. S. Hoyt, of Twin Islands, in Long Island Sound. Both the exterior and interior of her beautiful house were built after plans of her own devising, and the immense hall—so large that a barbecue might be served there—is decorated almost exclusively with weapons of various sorts and times, and with coats of mail, the artistic effect depending upon their felicitous and novel arrangement about the spacious hearth, and upon the low-ceiling walls, while in a corner, at the extreme eastern end, overlooking the shimmering waters of the Sound, is a comely divan, adorned and canopied with Oriental stuffs which contrast brilliantly with the pervading tone of the old armor.

—Is it wicked for ladies to encourage the slaughter of birds by using those animals as ornaments for their hats? This query at present is agitating the breasts of some moral philosophers. Would it so agitate them if only the feathers of the dead birds were so used? And what is to be said of seal-skin dolmans and bear-skin sleigh-robes? Would something else be just as warm?

—The subject discussed at a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club was, "Temperament in Art," Professor Waldenstein insisting upon the paramount importance of persevering labor to an artist, and Mr. W. J. Stillman and others, of the paramount importance of an artistic temperament. The speakers, though nominally in antagonism, arrived at conclusions not very diverse; but more attention might, perhaps, have been paid to the ability of an artist to increase his capacity for receiving impressions from nature, and also to the quality of his working as affected by his temperament, it being not the quantity of force, but the quality, that counts most.

—That genial and always admirable artist, Mr. Charles Keene, whose catholic humor makes our old friend *Mr. Punch* so welcome a visitor in all parts of the world, has lately transformed the immortal *Toby* into a fashionable *Dachshund.* This amiable deformity of a dog has donned *Toby's* collar, and executes a wide capacious smile at the head of the Preface to Volume Eighty-five of our venerable and esteemed contemporary. *Mr. Punch* was never before in so genial a mood toward his transatlantic cousins, and he beams and glows with the greatest enjoyment of the great good-nature with which he regards all things that concern us or are of us. In fact, he dedicates his Eighty-fifth Volume to us, and in the profundity of his cosmopolitan humor avows that "witty Lowell, delightful Abbey, and beautiful Mary Anderson" share "his" warmest regards with classic Arnold and honeyed Coleridge and "weird Irving and witching Ellen Terry." *Mr. Punch* is very good indeed.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer, who seems to find rest in change of topic, and who recently left sociology for an excursion into ethics, and then got back to sociology again, is now making an excursion (some persons would say an invasion) into current English politics. He proposes to show that the Liberal party is really as illiberal as the Tories, or, to use his own words, that "most of those who now pass as Liberals are Tories of a new type"; and he intends to explain why it is that as Liberalism has acquired more and more power "it has grown more and more coercive in legislation, adopting the policy of dictating the actions of citizens, and thereby diminishing the range throughout which their actions remain free."

—A distinguished physician of this city tells a story about the late Hon. John Morrissey, who once seemed very restless under a slight surgical operation. "Does it hurt you?" asked the doctor. "No," replied the ex-pugilist, with eager eyes; "but it hurts me that I can't strike back."

—The old question, should an actor feel his part? or should he be master of the emotions which he depicts? comes to the front again in a new book just published in England, consisting of a report of imaginary conversations between David Garrick and another disputant, Garrick maintaining Diderot's position that the actor should remain master of his emotions, while his opponent puts in a plea for—one might say—Miss Clara Morris's style. Since true dramatic genius is always accompanied by a high order of the constructive imagination, the actor who successfully illustrates Diderot's view must be the greater artist.

—Professor Tyndall's latest researches have to do with rainbows, and his scientific friends in this country speak of them in warm terms of appreciation. Unlike Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Huxley, he has never been compelled to stop working because of overwork. Several years ago the condition of his health caused him some uneasiness, but was only serious enough to make him take a little better care of himself.

—A gentleman, after building a country house, was annoyed to find its roof badly leaking. He went to the plumber, who blamed the mason; he went to the mason, who blamed the carpenter; he went to the carpenter, who blamed the plumber. At last he was compelled to pay for the repairs himself. He avers that the next time he builds he will not have separate contracts with plumber, mason, and carpenter, but will make a single contract, and that one with his carpenter, holding him responsible not only for his own work, but for the work of the plumber and the mason. Most architects, also, when building small houses, prefer to protect themselves in a similar fashion.

—Mr. E. L. Weeks, the American artist, whose "Arab Story-Teller" at the Centennial Exhibition, and other pictures of Eastern life, have given him a high reputation as both artist and painter, has received the honor of an election as Royal Academician of the Academy of Florence, Italy, with the title of Professor. His studio is in that city, and he was graduated at the Academy of Antwerp.

—Successful books for children are not the books most often met with, and we take pleasure in printing the following extract from a letter of an esteemed correspondent of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, whose home is in Georgia: "I have been wanting to write to you," she says, "ever since Christmas to thank you for publishing a book my children have been enjoying and profiting by during the holidays. I refer to the *Ball of the Vegetables*, by Margaret Eytinge, the most charming children's book of the year. I am more than glad to place in my children's hands these stories, so pure and elevated in tone, and so thoroughly imbued with the true Christmas spirit of love and good-will to others, that, upon putting down the book, one feels irresistibly impelled to go at once and find somebody to be good to. May Heaven bless Mrs. Eytinge for all the hearts she has consciously and unconsciously made happy!"

—Mr. George W. Childs, who is always ready to assist a worthy undertaking, has contributed five hundred dollars toward the proposed monument to the memory of Peter Cooper. Like the late New York philanthropist, Mr. Childs is one of the most generous of men in a private way, as hundreds of deserving poor people could testify. And, like Mr. Cooper, Mr. Childs does not desire his charities to be paraded before the public; but people like to give honor where it is due.

—The late Herr Lasker was shy to a fault in private society, and his German friends declare that the reason he never married was his excessive modesty of disposition. Yet (says one of his friends) the man who trembled before the beings he loved, on more than one occasion summoned courage to beard Prince Bismarck in his fiercest moment. All the world knows that the Prince is a hard and unsparing hitter, and his enemies report that he does not hesitate sometimes to strike below the belt. He held Herr Lasker in special aversion.

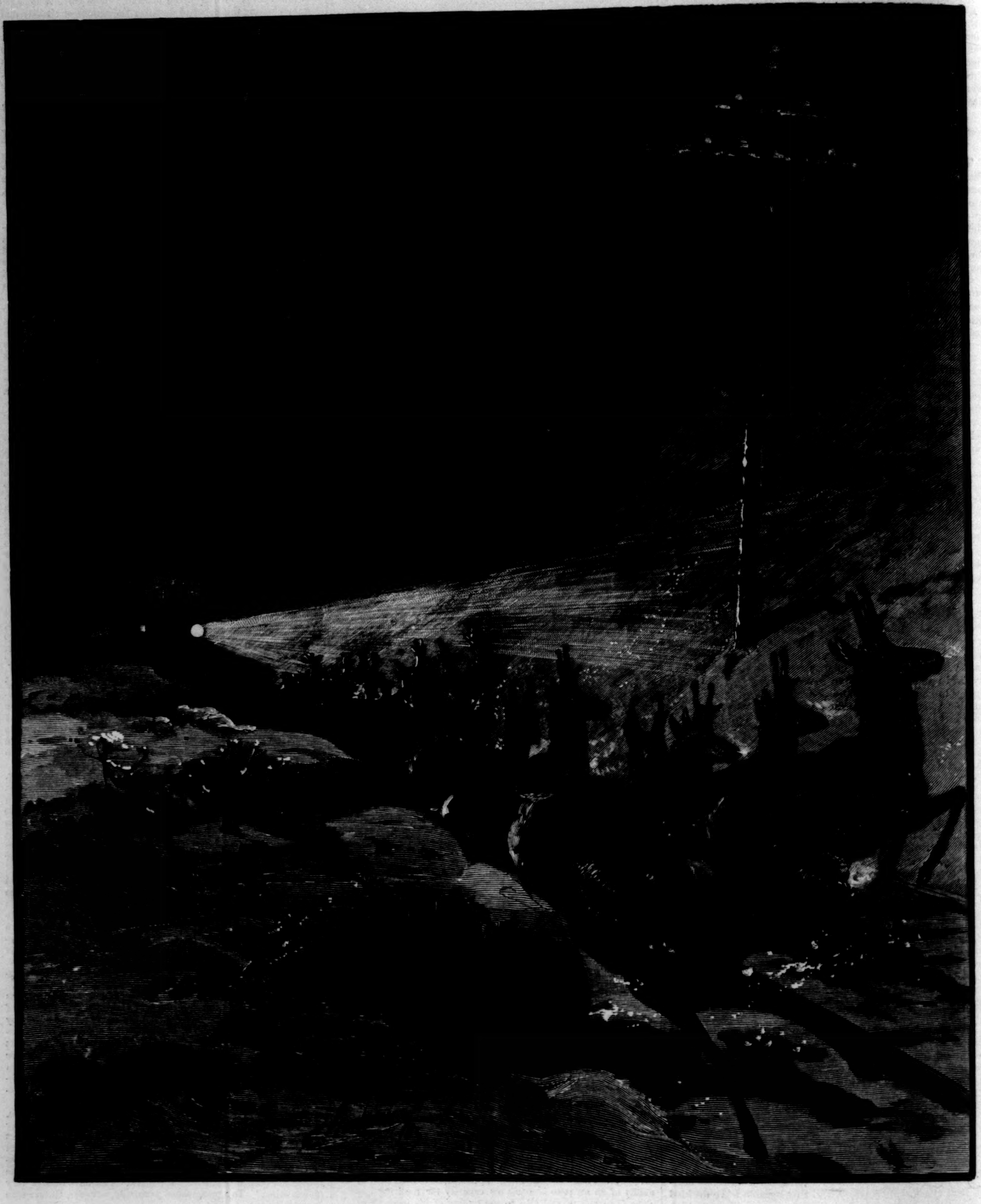
—Five years ago the body of King Victor Emanuel was placed provisionally in an obscure corner of the Pantheon in Rome. On the 6th of January, with lavish ceremony, it was removed to a magnificent tomb in the same edifice, exactly opposite the well-known sepulchre of Raphael. It took two hours to break down the wall behind which the body was deposited in 1879. The exterior shell of walnut-wood having been removed, the seals on the leaden coffin were solemnly recognized by the witnesses present, and the coffin itself was then raised by pulleys to its final resting-place in a niche.

—The friends of Mary D. Brine, author of many popular poems which have appeared in the columns of Harper's Weekly, and of several charming books for children, have been annoyed of late by the appropriation of some of her poems by appreciative but unscrupulous plagiarists. "Somebody's Mother," one of the most popular ballads ever printed, is going the rounds under the name of another writer; and "I Wonder Why," which was printed in the New York *Ledger* of August 12, 1871, was recently "contributed" to a Cambridge (Massachusetts) paper by an impudent pretender to poetic talent.

—Hugh Maclauchlan was arrested in London a few days ago, charged with being "a suspected person who loitered" in Hanover Square. Hugh explained that he was a journalist, that his object was to write an article on the profits of beggars, and that he had attired himself as a beggar for the purpose of gaining information. He began by selling matches, and then went begging. The justice discharged him, with the remark, "You have done a very foolish thing." To a professional journalist, however, Hugh's case does not seem so foolish.

—An intelligent Canadian writes to the London *Standard:* "I am often asked as to the amount of capital necessary to start in farming. It is a question which hardly admits of being answered. I could name men who have started on government grants with almost absolutely nothing, and by working for neighbors at first, and then for themselves, have in a very few years reached a position of comfort. Again, I could name men who, after starting with a large capital, have found farming a failure. The same story can be told all the world over. The shrewd, careful man, with his small capital, outstrips the reckless man with his thousands."

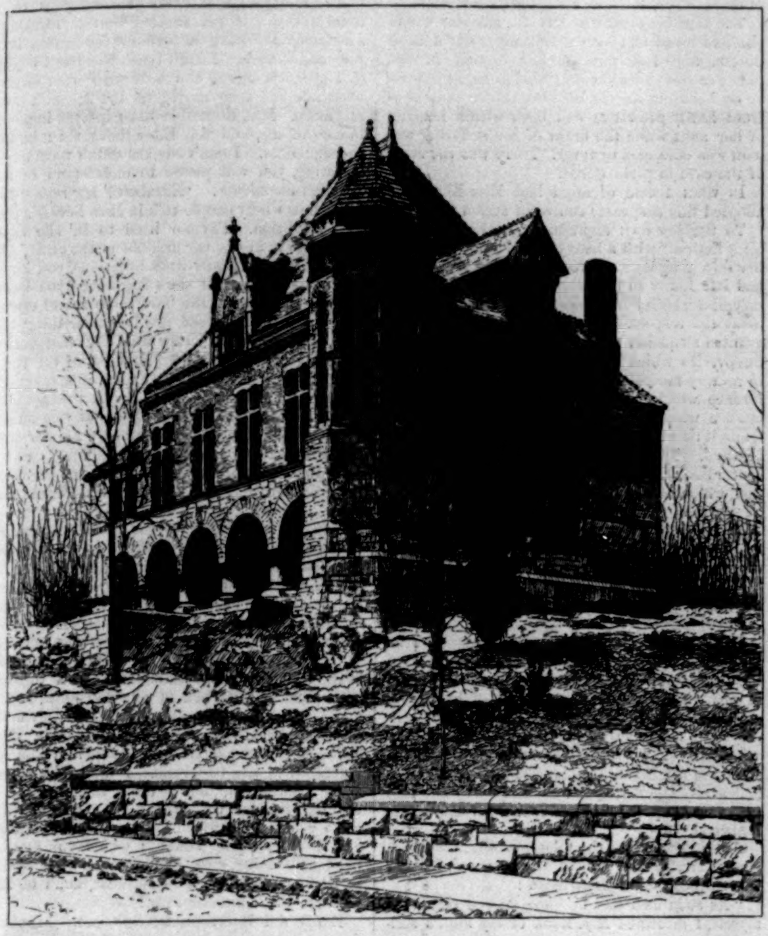
—"Fifty years ago," said Earl Cairns, at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, "if a man had been shipwrecked on some of the islands of the Pacific, he would have been killed, cooked, and eaten; whereas if a man were shipwrecked there now, he would receive Christian hospitality. Miss Gordon Cumming, who is not a missionary, and who did not write for the purpose of crying up missions, declared that while in 1835 the people of Feejee were cannibals, there are now 400 churches and 1400 schools there. Lady Brassey writes that anybody who wants to see the last traces of heathenism in Japan had better go soon, as they are rapidly giving place to Christianity."



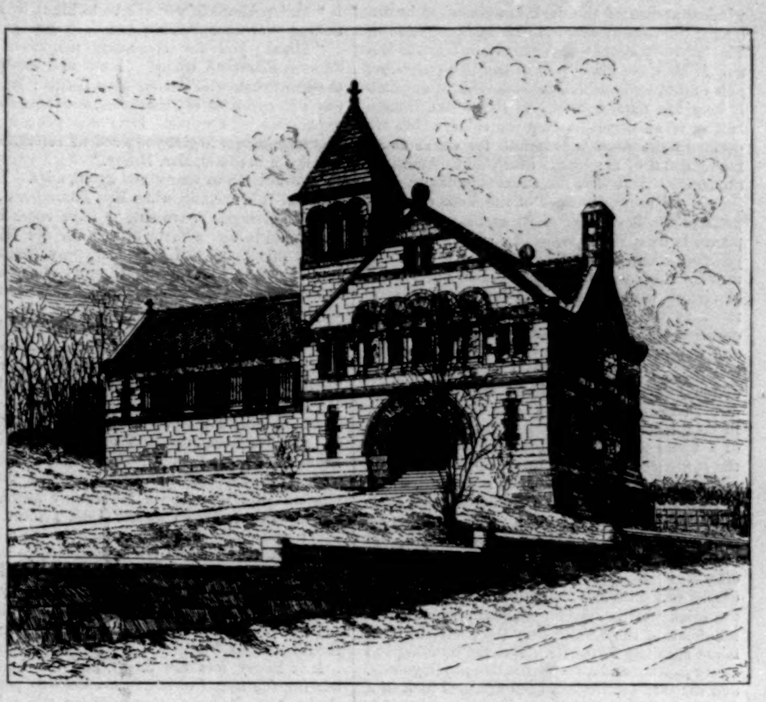
A HERD OF ANTELOPES DELAYING A RAILWAY TRAIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

A TRAIN STOPPED BY ANTELOPES.

During one of the late heavy falls of snow which covered the Western plains one of the trains on the Central Pacific line, on Green River, Utah, met with an obstruction of an unusual character, in the shape of a herd of antelopes. The poor creatures, unable to make their way through the deep drifts on each side of the track, came down on the line. The engineer of the train was startled by seeing a compact column of about fifteen hundred antelopes before him. He whistled, and the brakes were put down. The startled animals galloped ahead for some distance, and then slackened their speed, paused, and gazed as if fascinated by the head-light, till the locomotive approached them, when they repeated the same manœuvre. Some of the weaker members of the rear-guard were crushed; the locomotive, to avoid derailing, was stopped, and thus the crowd succeeded in keeping well in front of the advancing cars till a slope in the ground permitted them to spread on each side. The American antelope, the "prong-horn," as it is popularly called, is so peculiar in its conformation as to be placed by naturalists in a subfamily by itself, constituting the sole species of a single genus. It inhabits both sides of the Rocky Mountains, extending north to the Columbia River, west to the Coast Range of California, and east to the Mississippi. It represents a transition between the deer, with their solid and deciduous antlers, and the antelopes proper, with their hollow and permanent horns. The frontal ornaments from which they derive their name are about twelve to fourteen inches in length, and become palmated at about two-thirds of their height, where they give out a short prong. They do not fall off entirely, like the horns of the elk; the pith remains, and the hard, horny shell comes off like the shell of a crab, leaving a spongy white fleshy substance, sparsely covered with short bristles pointing upward. The winter coat of the animal consists of hairs two inches long, standing out at right angles, tubular in structure, and brittle as glass. General Dodge says that the antelope displays a strange combination of curiosity and terror. "A wagon train will attract every herd in the range of vision. They rush at it with every indication of extreme terror, and passing within a few yards, will make a complete circuit, and go off in the direction whence they came."



OAKES AMES MEMORIAL HALL.



OLIVER AMES MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

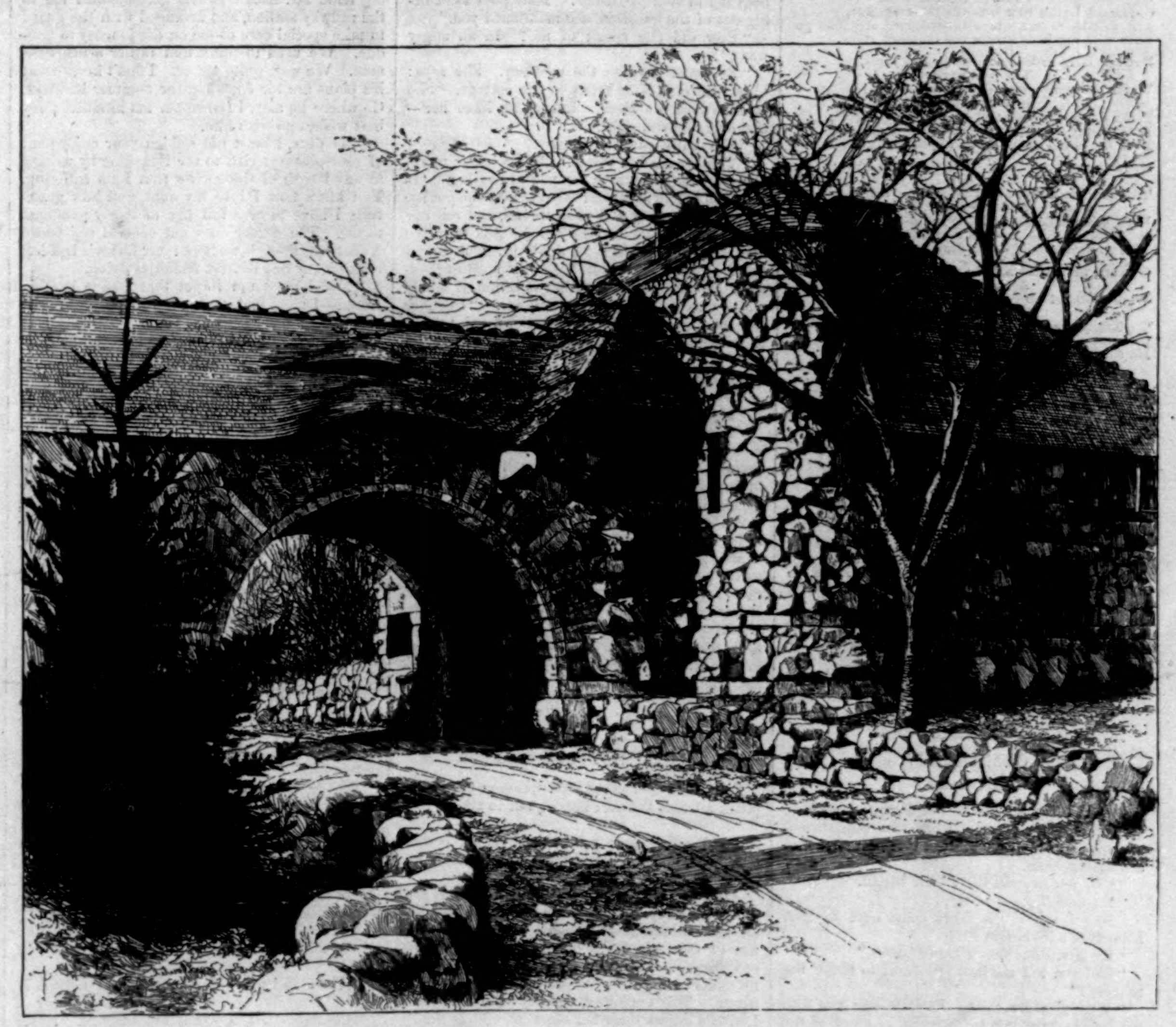
A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE.

North Easton, three-quarters of an hour south from Boston, on the Old Colony Railroad, has for more than a generation been noteworthy as the greatest shovel factory in the world. The shovel factory dates back, indeed, for more than a century, the manufacture having been begun in 1776 by Captain John Ames, of Bridgewater. But it was his son Oliver who, in 1812, established the factory at North Easton, which has grown to such proportions as to support a thriving population, and to make great fortunes for its owners—in succession the sons Oakes and Oliver, and their sons, the present proprietors.

Until four or five years ago North Easton was only attractive to the eye of the mind as the abode of a comfortable and industrious people. The rocky ruggedness of eastern Massachusetts, out of sight of the sea, suffices to destroy the idea of beauty without substituting for it the sense of sublimity, and the continual outcrop of granite reminds the traveller how hard is the lot of those who have to extort a livelihood from this reluctant soil by tillage. It was the nearness of the place to the markets of Newport and Boston, and the water-power furnished by the sources of Taunton River, that determined the establishment here of the manufacture, which gives the people a much better living than they could have got from the thankless land; and art had done nothing to dissemble the harshness of nature. The mansions of the proprietors, built in the manner of thirty years ago, were simply spacious and comfortable, although one of them, Mr. Frederick Ames, has carried ornamental gardening so far as to make his portion of the wilderness to blossom like the rose, and his ferneries and hot-houses are objects of great interest to horticulturists, and of admiration even to the unlearned. The houses of the hands had that desperate crudity which might be expected to characterize a frontier settlement, but which does characterize nearly all of the factory villages of New England, mitigated as it has been in some of them, though not in North Easton, by the dispensation of olive and Indian red, which has succeeded the vivid glare of "white with green blinds."

In 1877 the first step was taken toward giving North Easton an architectural attractiveness by the employment of Mr. Richardson to design a village Library, to be erected as a memorial of Oliver Ames by his son Frederick. Mr. Richardson had then recently designed the very successful town Library at Woburn—a somewhat complicated scheme, involving a museum and picture-gallery as well as a library and reading-room, all of these constituents appearing in an expressive and emphatic architectural treatment, and being united in a picturesque and balanced composition. The scheme of the North Easton Library is much simpler, including a library and reading-room only. As in the earlier work at Woburn and the later at Quincy, the windows of the Library are confined to the upper wall, thus at once gaining additional space for shelving below, and giving opportunity for a striking architectural treatment. The gabled wall in which is the entrance is a very effective piece of work, owing its effectiveness to the combination of its materials and to the disposition and treatment of the openings, especially the relation between the entrance archway and the arcade above it. The combination of material is especially noticeable, a light reddish granite quarried at North Easton being used in the field of the wall, while the wrought work is of a very dark brown stone, also used rough-faced, except in the carved work, which is confined to the inner and outer mouldings of the great arch, the capitals of the shafts in the arcade, and the terminations of the gable coping. In this respect the work is much more successful than that at Woburn—where the colors are reversed, so to speak, the structural emphasis being given to the weaker color—and equally successful with the Memorial Library at Quincy, which has heretofore been praised in these columns as the most successful of its author's works in this kind. The main defect of composition here is the interpolation between the well-designed flank of the Library wall and the well-designed entrance front, as a connecting link at once and a dominating feature, of a tower, which the skill of the architect can not prevent from looking like an interpolation from any point of view. At Quincy this feature is both subdued so as to relieve the mass of the main roof without disturbing it, and is assigned a visible function—that of inclosing a stairway. Nothing like the beautiful and elaborate interior detail of the Quincy building has been attempted here, the treatment throughout being plain, and the ceiling a barrel vault in pine.

The Oakes Ames Memorial Hall is some two or three years younger than the Library, and shows a distinct architectural advance upon it, being, indeed, brilliantly successful. The unity in variety, which is the object of every architectural composition, is here completely attained, so that there is an architectural organism neither simple to the point of monotony nor manifold to the point of confusion. One of the chief factors in the effectiveness of the structure is its adaptation to its site—an outcrop of rock on a side-hill, which is exposed and levelled, with the interposition of a bit or two of revetment wall, into a rocky platform, to which the building is, as it were, spiked by the polygonal turret at the angle. In the arrangement of the ground, and the overruling of the awkwardness of the approach to the building from the road into an element of architectural impressiveness, the architect had the advantage of Mr. Olmsted's assistance. The color of the building is also very helpful to its design. The basement and the whole of the tower are executed in the same rock-faced granite of which the Library is built; the shafts and arches of the loggia and the deep



GATE LODGE OF FREDERICK L. AMES.

NORTH EASTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

window arches of the dark Longmeadow brown stone; the voussoirs very narrow and rough-faced. The tall story above—that which contains the Memorial Hall, the lower part of the building being given up to its dependencies—is built of unusually long and narrow bricks, in shape like Roman bricks, of an excellent deep red color, which are decidedly the most appropriate for works at all monumental of any bricks available to American architects. But with the advantage of these adjuncts, the impressiveness of the Memorial Hall, perhaps the best work of its architect thus far, proceeds from sheer power of design. The composition, which is in general a box with a pyramidal roof, would be monotonous but for the cleverness with which it is varied by subordinate roofs at the angles, by the turret, and by the dormers, without disturbing the sense of mass and weight that is given by the simplicity thus relieved. The arcade of five openings, perhaps of ten feet span each, turned between massive dwarf columns of scarcely more than a diameter in height, has a noble largeness; and the need of a triple abutment at the ends is supplied by the stoppage against the turret on one side, and on the other against a piece of solid wall, which in turn accounts for one of the subordinate roofs which vary the outline. The relation of this arcade to the tall lintelled openings above it, and of the whole wall to the central dormer which crowns it, is also very happy. The moulded course which divides the granite basement from the brick wall is scarcely emphatic enough, and the detail of the dormer over the principal front is not specially fortunate. But the building has a very distinct and a very attractive physiognomy, and the rare success has been attained in it of a singularly free and picturesque treatment which does not compromise a distinctly architectural unity.

Another, still more original, piece of work, rather like a Titanic piece of play, is the gate lodge of Mr. Frederick Ames, continued beyond the archway which spans the road in a long tool-house. The walls are of the pasture bowlders which cover the surface of New England, chosen for color and imbedded where they will fit, their weather-worn surfaces unimpaired by tool marks, so that the wall itself has a venerable aspect, which is not impaired by the deep color and the rough surface of the wrought work. The details are all in the spirit of the whole, including an old well which has been brought into the composition, and is furnished with some clever grotesques in sculpture by Mr. St. Gaudens.

A railway station of rough granite, with a steep hipped roof stretching out to include a porte cochère on the rear, the rough wall pierced by two great arches sprung from the ground, is now under construction, and will add still another to the architectural attractions of North Easton.

FEBRUARY.

Oh, gay is Love when Love in music calls—
In music calls.
Oh, bright is Love dancing through lighted halls—
Through lighted halls.
Oh, sweet Love's kiss beneath the mistletoe,
And soft his words where fur-wrapped sleighers go
With tinkling bells across the moon-lit snow.

But sad is Love beneath the joyless rains,
The pallid rains,
When February to sad Earth complains
In mournful strains.
From the wet woods and late unhappy leaves,
Rain-rotting briers, and rank rejected sheaves,
Love drops his sweet averted eyes, and grieves.

So from my gray, bleak life I fear he'll stray;
Yea, though I pray
To clasp his flower-sweet fingers for one day.
He loves the May,
With bride-buds set and violets abloom;
He loves the rose-crowned scented month of June,
When rarest singing-birds are all in tune.

O heart, thou wert a little traitor set—
A traitor set—
Where fondest hopes and truest vows had met.
Thou art in debt
To February's weeping Love. One day,
One rain-cold day, when all the sky was gray,
He came with smiling face, and came to stay.

He dried with kisses all my tear-stained face:
Ah, what sweet grace!
He made my dreary room a splendid place;
He left no trace
Of doubt or gloom; he said, with clear kind eyes,
"Oh, Love may live beneath the cloudless skies;
But wet with pain of tears—he never dies!"

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. MOSEY.

Emily's first act—after the discovery of Mrs. Ellmother's incomprehensible disappearance—was to invite the new servant to follow her into the sitting-room.

"Can you explain this?" she began.

"No, miss."

"May I ask if you have come here by Mrs. Ellmother's invitation?"

"By Mrs. Ellmother's *request*, miss."

"Can you tell me how she came to make the request?"

"With pleasure, miss. Perhaps—as you find me here, a stranger to yourself, in place of the customary servant—I ought to begin by giving you a reference?"

"And, perhaps (if you will be so kind), by mentioning your name," Emily added.

"Thank you for reminding me, miss. My name is Elizabeth Mosey. I am well known to the gentleman who attends Miss Letitia: Dr. Allday will speak to my character, and also to my experience as a nurse. If it would be in any way satisfactory to give you a second reference—"

"Quite needless, Mrs. Mosey."

"Permit me to thank you again, miss. I was at home this evening, when Mrs. Ellmother called at my lodgings. Says she, 'I have come here, Elizabeth, to ask a favor of you for old friendship's sake.' Says I, 'My dear, pray command me, whatever it may be.' If this seems rather a hasty answer to make, before I knew what the favor was, might I ask you to bear in mind that Mrs. Ellmother put it to me 'for old friendship's sake'—alluding to my late husband, and to the business which we carried on at that time. Through no fault of ours, we got into difficulties. Persons whom we had trusted proved unworthy. Not to trouble you further, I may say at once we should have been ruined if our old friend Mrs. Ellmother had not come forward and trusted us with the savings of her lifetime. The money was all paid back again before my husband's death. But I don't consider—and I think you won't consider—that the obligation was paid back too. Prudent or not prudent, there is nothing Mrs. Ellmother can ask of me that I am not willing to do. If I have put myself in an awkward situation (and I don't deny that it looks so), this is the only excuse, miss, that I can make for my conduct."

Mrs. Mosey was too fluent, and too fond of hearing the sound of her own eminently persuasive voice. Making allowance for these little drawbacks, the impression that she produced was decidedly favorable, and however rashly she might have acted, her motive was beyond reproach. Having said some kind words to this effect, Emily led her back to the main interest of her narrative.

"Did Mrs. Ellmother give no reason for leaving my aunt at such a time as this?" she asked.

"The very words I said to her, miss."

"And what did she say by way of reply?"

"She burst out crying—a thing I have never known her to do before, in an experience of twenty years."

"And she really asked you to take her place here at a moment's notice?"

"That was just what she did," Mrs. Mosey answered. "I had no need to tell her I was astonished; my looks spoke for me, no doubt. She's a hard woman in speech and manner, I admit. But there's more feeling in her than you would suppose. 'If you are the good friend I take you for,' she says, 'don't ask me for reasons; I am doing what is forced on me, and doing it with a heavy heart.' In my place, miss, would you have insisted on her explaining herself after that? The one thing I naturally wanted to know was, if I could speak to some lady in the position of mistress here before I ventured to intrude. Mrs. Ellmother understood that it was her duty to help me in this particular. Your poor aunt being out of the question, she mentioned you."

"How did she speak of me? In an angry way?"

"No, indeed; quite the contrary. She says: 'You will find Miss Emily at the cottage. She is Miss Letitia's niece. Everybody likes her—and everybody is right.'"

"She really said that?"

"Those were her words. And, what is more, she gave me a message for you at parting. 'If Miss Emily was surprised' (that is how she put it), 'give her my duty and good wishes, and tell her to remember what I said when she took my place at her aunt's bedside.' I don't presume to inquire what this means," said Mrs. Mosey, respectfully ready to hear what it meant, if Emily would only be so good as to tell her. "I deliver the message, miss, as it was delivered to me. After which Mrs. Ellmother went her way, and I went mine."

"Do you know where she went?"

"No, miss."

"Have you nothing more to tell me?"

"Nothing more, except that she gave me my directions, of course, about the nursing. I took them down in writing, and you will find them in their proper place, with the prescriptions and the medicines."

Acting at once on this hint, Emily led the way to her aunt's room.

Miss Letitia was silent when the new nurse softly parted the curtains, looked in, and drew them together again. Consulting her watch, Mrs. Mosey compared her written directions with the medicine bottles on the table, and set one apart to be used at the appointed time. "Nothing, so far, to alarm us," she whispered. "You look sadly pale and tired, miss. Might I advise you to rest a little?"

"If there is any change, Mrs. Mosey—either for the better or the worse—of course you will let me know."

"Certainly, miss."

Emily returned to the sitting-room; not to rest (after all that she had heard), but to think.

Amid much that was unintelligible, certain plain conclusions presented themselves to her mind.

After what the doctor had already said to Emily on the subject of delirium generally, Mrs. Ellmother's proceedings became intelligible: they proved that she knew by experience the perilous course taken by her mistress's wandering thoughts when they expressed themselves in words. This explained the concealment of Miss Letitia's illness from her niece, as well as the reiterated efforts of the old servant to prevent Emily from entering the bedroom.

But the event which had just happened—that is to say, Mrs. Ellmother's sudden departure from the cottage—was not only of serious importance in itself, but pointed to a startling conclusion.

The faithful maid had left the mistress whom she had loved and served sinking under a fatal illness, and had put another woman in her place, careless of what that woman might discover by listening at the bedside, rather than confront Emily after she had been within hearing of her aunt while the brain of the suffering woman was deranged by fever. There was the state of the case in plain words.

In what frame of mind had Mrs. Ellmother adopted this desperate course of action?

To use her own expression, she had deserted Miss Letitia "with a heavy heart." To judge by her own language addressed to Mrs. Mosey, she had left Emily to the mercy of a stranger—animated, nevertheless, by sincere feelings of attachment and respect. That her fears had taken for granted suspicion which Emily had not felt, and discoveries which Emily had (as yet) not made, in no way modified the serious nature of the inference which her conduct justified. The disclosure which this woman dreaded—who could doubt it now?—directly threatened Emily's peace of mind. There was no disguising it: the innocent niece was associated with an act of deception, which had been until that day the undetected secret of the aunt and the aunt's maid.

In this conclusion, and in this only, was to be found the rational explanation of Mrs. Ellmother's choice—placed between the alternatives of submitting to discovery by Emily or of leaving the house.

Poor Miss Letitia's writing-table stood near the window of the sitting-room. Shrinking from the further pursuit of thoughts which might end in disposing her mind to distrust of her dying aunt, Emily looked round in search of some employment sufficiently interesting to absorb her attention. The writing-table reminded her that she owed a letter to Cecilia. That helpful friend had surely the first claim to know why she had failed to keep her engagement with Sir Jervis Redwood.

After mentioning the telegram which had followed Mrs. Rook's arrival at the school, Emily's letter proceeded in these terms:

"As soon as I had in some degree recovered myself, I informed Mrs. Rook of my aunt's serious illness.

"Although she carefully confined herself to commonplace expressions of sympathy, I could see that it was equally a relief to both of us to feel that we were prevented from being travelling companions. Don't suppose that I have taken a capricious dislike to Mrs. Rook, or that you are in any way to blame for the unfavorable impression which she has produced on me. I will make this plain when we meet. In the mean while, I need only tell you that I gave her a letter of explanation to present to Sir Jervis Redwood. I also informed him of my address in London, adding a request that he would forward your letter, in case you have written to me before you receive these lines.

"Kind Mr. Alban Morris accompanied me to the railway station, and arranged with the guard to take special care of me on the journey to London. We used to think him rather a heartless man. We were quite wrong. I don't know what his plans are for spending the summer holidays. Go where he may, I remember his kindness; my best wishes go with him.

"My dear, I must not sadden your enjoyment of your pleasant visit to the Engadine by writing at any length of the sorrow that I am suffering. You know how I love my aunt, and how gratefully I have always felt her motherly goodness to me. The doctor does not conceal the truth. At her age there is no hope: my father's last-left relation, my one dearest friend, is dying.

"No! I must not forget that I have another friend—I must find some comfort in thinking of *you*.

"I do so long in my solitude for a letter from my dear Cecilia! Nobody comes to see me when I most want sympathy; I am a stranger in this vast city. The members of my mother's family are settled in Australia: they have not even written to me in all the long years that have passed since her death. You remember how cheerfully I used to look forward to my new life on leaving school? Good-by, my darling. While I can see your sweet face in my thoughts I don't despair—dark as it looks now—of the future that is before me."

Emily had closed and addressed her letter, and was just rising from her chair, when she heard the voice of the new nurse at the door.

CHAPTER XV.

EMILY.

"May I say a word?" Mrs. Mosey inquired. She entered the room, pale and trembling. Seeing that ominous change, Emily dropped back into her chair.

"Dead?" she said, faintly.

Mrs. Mosey looked at her in vacant surprise.

"I wish to say, miss, that your aunt has frightened me."

Even that vague allusion was enough for Emily.

"You need say no more," she replied; "I know but too well how my aunt's mind is affected by the fever."

Confused and frightened as she was, Mrs. Mosey still found relief in her customary flow of words.

"Many and many a person have I nursed in fever," she announced. "Many and many a person have I heard say strange things. Never yet, miss, in all my experience—"

"Don't tell me of it!" Emily interposed.

"Oh, but I *must* tell you! In your own interests, Miss Emily—in your own interests. I won't be inhuman enough to leave you alone in the house to-night; but if this delirium goes on, I must ask you to get another nurse. Shocking suspicions are lying in wait for me in that bedroom, as it were. I can't resist them as I ought, if I go back again, and hear your aunt saying what she has been saying for the last half-hour and more. Mrs. Ellmother has expected impossibilities of me, and Mrs. Ellmother must take the consequences. I don't say she didn't warn me—speaking, you will please to understand, in the strictest confidence. 'Elizabeth,' she says, 'you know how wildly people talk in Miss Letitia's present condition. Pay no heed to it,' she says. 'Let it go in at one ear and out at the other,' she said. 'If Miss Emily asks questions, you know nothing about it. If she's frightened you know nothing about it. If she bursts into fits of crying that are dreadful to see, pity her, poor thing, but take no notice.' All very well, and sounds like speaking out, doesn't it? Nothing of the sort! Mrs. Ellmother warns me to expect this, that, and the other. But there is one horrid thing (which I heard, mind, over and over again at your aunt's bedside) that she does *not* prepare me for, and that horrid thing is—murder!"

At that last word Mrs. Mosey dropped her voice to a whisper, and waited to see what effect she had produced.

Sorely tried already by the cruel perplexities of her position, Emily's courage failed to resist the first sensation of horror aroused in her by the climax of the nurse's hysterical narrative. Encouraged by her silence, Mrs. Mosey went on. She lifted one hand with theatrical solemnity, and luxuriously terrified herself with her own horrors.

"An inn, Miss Emily, a lonely inn somewhere in the country, and a comfortless room at the inn, with a make-shift bed at one end of it, and a make-shift bed at the other—I give you my word of honor, that was how your aunt put it. She spoke of two men next—two men asleep (you understand) in the two beds. I think she called them 'gentlemen,' but I can't be sure, and I wouldn't deceive you—you know I wouldn't deceive you for the world. Miss Letitia muttered and mumbled, poor soul. I own I was getting tired of listening, when she burst out plain again, in that one horrid word—oh, miss, don't be impatient! don't interrupt me!"

Emily did interrupt, nevertheless. In some degree at least she had recovered herself. "No more of it," she said—"I won't hear a word more."

But Mrs. Mosey was too resolutely bent on asserting her own importance by making the most of the alarm that she had suffered to be repressed by any ordinary method of remonstrance. Without paying the slightest attention to what Emily had said, she went on again, more loudly and more excitably than ever:

"Listen, miss—listen! The dreadful part of it is to come; you haven't heard about the two gentlemen yet. One of them was murdered—what do you think of that?—and the other (I heard your aunt say it, in so many words) committed the crime. Did Miss Letitia fancy she was addressing a lot of people when *you* were nursing her? She called out like a person making public proclamation when *I* was in her room. 'Whoever you are, good people' (she says), 'a hundred pounds reward if you find the runaway murderer. Search everywhere for a poor, weak, womanish creature, with rings on his little white hands. There's nothing about him like a man, except his voice—a fine round voice. You'll know him, my friends—the wretch, the monster—you'll know him by his voice.' That was how she put it—I tell you again, that was how she put it. Did you hear her scream? Ah, my dear young lady, so much the better for you! 'Oh, the horrid murder!' she says; 'hush it up.' I'll take my Bible oath before the magistrate," cried Mrs. Mosey, starting out of her chair, "your aunt said, 'Hush it up.'"

Emily crossed the room. The energy of her character was roused at last. She seized the foolish woman by the shoulders, forced her back in the chair, and looked her straight in the face, without uttering a word.

For the moment Mrs. Mosey was petrified. She had fully expected—having reached the end of her terrible story—to find Emily at her feet, entreating her not to carry out her intention of leaving the cottage the next morning; and she had determined, after her sense of her own importance had been sufficiently flattered, to grant the prayer of the helpless young lady. Those were her anticipations—and how had they been fulfilled? She had been treated like a mad woman in a state of revolt.

"How dare you assault me?" she asked, piteously. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. God knows I meant well."

"You are not the first person," Emily answered, quietly releasing her, "who has done wrong with the best intentions."

"I did my duty, miss, when I told you what your aunt said."

"You forgot your duty when you listened to what my aunt said."

"Allow me to explain myself."

"No: not a word more on *that* subject shall pass between us. Remain in the room, if you please; I have something else to say."

"After the manner in which you have treated me, I don't consider myself bound to obey your orders."

"I have no orders to give you; I have something to suggest in your own interests. Wait, and compose yourself."

The purpose which had taken a foremost place in Emily's mind rested on the firm foundation of her love and pity for her aunt.

Now that she had regained the power to think, she felt a hateful doubt pressed on her by Mrs. Mosey's disclosures. Having taken for granted that there was a foundation in truth for what she herself had heard in her aunt's room, could she reasonably resist the conclusion that there must be a foundation in truth for what Mrs. Mosey had heard under similar circumstances?

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

There was but one way of escaping from this dilemma—and Emily deliberately took it. She turned her back on her own convictions, and persuaded herself that she had been in the wrong when she had attached importance to anything that her aunt had said under the influence of fever. A man would have seen fatal obstacles to the attainment of this comforting point of view; a man would have remembered that Miss Letitia's wanderings had included the names of two existing persons, Mrs. Rook and Miss Jethro. The woman, without stopping to reason or remember, accepted any conclusion which promised to secure her peace of mind. Freed from the oppression of her own misgivings, Emily resolved to face the prospect of a night's solitude by the death-bed rather than permit Mrs. Mosey to have a second opportunity of entering Miss Letitia's room.

"Do you mean to keep me waiting much longer, miss?"

"Not a moment longer, now you are composed again," Emily answered. "I have been thinking of what has happened; and it appears to me that we have both made mistakes, which a little reflection might have shown us how to avoid."

"In what particular, if you please?" Mrs. Mosey inquired, stiffly.

"You would have acted more wisely, as I think," Emily proceeded, "if you had excused yourself from granting Mrs. Ellmother's strange request, and had advised her to return to her duty. And I should have acted more wisely if I had considered the trying circumstances in which I am placed before I accepted the offer of your services."

"If that means, Miss Emily, that you are sorry I ever set foot in this house, I'm sure I'm sorry too."

"In that case, Mrs. Mosey, you will be all the readier to accept the suggestion which I wish to offer. I have no fear of remaining here by myself for the next few hours. Why should you put off your departure until the doctor comes to-morrow morning? There is really no objection to your leaving me to-night."

"I beg your pardon, miss; there *is* an objection. I have already told you I can't reconcile it to my conscience to leave you here by yourself. I am not an inhuman woman," said Mrs. Mosey, putting her handkerchief to her eyes—smitten with pity for herself.

Emily tried the effect of a conciliatory reply. "I am grateful for your kindness in offering to stay with me," she said.

"Very good of you, I'm sure," Mrs. Mosey answered, ironically. "But, for all that, you persist in sending me away."

"I persist in thinking that there is no necessity for my keeping you here until to-morrow."

"Oh, have it your own way! I am not reduced to forcing my company on anybody."

Mrs. Mosey put her handkerchief in her pocket and asserted her dignity. With head erect and slowly marching steps, she walked out of the room. Emily was left in the cottage alone with her dying aunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUBLIC PARK EXPENDITURES.

The President of the Department of Public Parks sends us the following letter from Mr. E. B. Van Winkle, to correct a statement in an article upon the government of the city of New York recently published in the WEEKLY. He also says that General Viele's alleged charge of excessive grain for horses has been publicly disproved. We omit the concluding paragraph of Mr. Van Winkle's letter, which contains no statement of fact, and is merely a gibe at "self-styled reformers."

Hon. Salem H. Wales,
President Department Public Parks:

SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 14th inst., calling my attention to statements which are made with respect to the work of surveying, laying out, and monumenting under my charge, in an article appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 12, and asking me to give my opinion in regard to the figures and statements therein. My charge of this work commenced only in 1878, but I have obtained the exact cost as far back as June, 1874, when the law [Chapter 604, Laws 1874] authorizing it was enacted. It has been as follows:

1874....	$21,213 95*	
1875....	34,824 12	
1876....	24,963 85	
1877....	20,134 73	
1878....	9,976 49	
1879....	12,152 26	Including cost of maps made for the Commissioners of Estimate and Assessment under Chapter 411, Laws of 1876.
1880....	19,998 67	
1881....	16,141 08	
1882....	14,487 68	
1883....	21,749 73†	
	$195,642 26	

That is, instead of the $300,000 stated by the informant of HARPER'S WEEKLY to have been spent, less than $200,000 is the actual amount. These figures can readily be verified by the books of this and the Finance Department, and could have been obtained at any time by any one really desiring to arrive at the truth. The $300,000 are stated to have been spent in "*surveying and mapping the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards.*" I beg leave to particularly call your attention to the circumstance that no mention is made of some 2000 acres in the Twelfth Ward, or of the fact that the principal items for which the actual expenditure was made were maturing plans for the complete laying out of a system of streets, and the physical determination of those streets, on the ground, by means of monuments placed with the highest possible degree of accuracy, the carefully considered establishment of grades for the same streets, the preparation of distinct systems of sewerage and drainage, in harmony with the plan and grades of these streets, the exact determination of miles of pier and bulk-head lines, the obtaining of data for the location and planning of bridges and tunnels over or under the Harlem and Bronx rivers, the thorough searches and investigation required for reports on literally thousands of questions in connection with the settlement and improvement of real estate, all for an area of over 14,000 acres.

Topographical surveys and maps were completed prior to 1874 to serve simply as a basis for intelligently designing the plans for laying out. They were intended only for this end, which they fully served, and have never in any instance been repeated. These topographical maps are all on file, are accessible at all times, and their value for purposes other than those for which they were intended can be ascertained by any expert after the briefest examination.

The information furnished HARPER'S WEEKLY is misleading as well as false. The impression is given that $50,000 have been spent for "assessors' maps" in addition to the $300,000 spent in "surveying and mapping." The actual amount expended for such maps has not exceeded $32,000, and *every cent* of it is *included in the* $195,642 26 mentioned above.

Very respectfully,
E. B. VAN WINKLE,
Topographical Engineer D. P. P.

SONG.

AFTER SEVERAL POETS.

Do I not love thee? Ask the drooping flowers,
  Striving against the summer heat in vain,
If they love not the cool, refreshing showers
  That bring them strength and beauty bright again.

Do I not love thee? Ask the sparkling rills,
  Dancing through sunny meadows merrily,
If they love not the gentle Spring that wills
  Their winter bondage o'er and sets them free.

Do I not love thee? Ask the butterfly,
  The bee, the humming-bird—that living gem—
If they love not the honeyed stores that lie
  In fragrant lily cups awaiting them.

Do I not love thee? Ask the lambkins small
  If they love not in grassy fields to play.
Yes, go—I prithee, go—and ask them all,
  And then—come back, and tell me what they say.

INDIAN RAJAS AND THEIR SPORT.

THERE is so much real sport yet to be found in America, so much big game still loafing about the West unshot, that it has not been necessary to have recourse to those artificial means of forcing large bags which have brought so much well-deserved odium upon the name of sportsman in many other countries. In England the case is otherwise, and a really first-class pheasant reserve under scientific handling affords about as much real sport as might be expected from a day in a slaughter-yard. Many bright eyes have overlooked the bloody lists of Camelot and Ashby, and have gazed upon the brutal conflicts in the arenas of Madrid; but what would Fulvia and Etarre and Doña Inez say to Hurlingham? Even the massacres of Commodus, the "Beautiful Emperor," with the face of a god and the heart of a fiend, are not unparalleled for cruelty to-day. The remotest corners of the earth were ransacked, and Europe, Asia, and Africa all yielded up their strangest beasts to fill the Roman arena; and when hundreds of helpless animals had been huddled and penned together on the narrow sand, the Emperor came forth, and to the blowing of trumpets and waving of scarfs, poured his arrows into the struggling mass of terror-stricken brutes, slaughtering the hurtful and the harmless alike, the foes and the allies of man together, till his arm grew weary, and the attendants were ordered to take up the task of butchery, and see that not a single beast was left alive, and all this that he might be called a second Hercules by the Roman mob, and that sycophants might salute him as Apollo. Yet for undiscriminating bloodthirstiness this scarcely excels the pompous butcheries which find favor with many Indian princes to-day, and which they choose to dignify with the names of "hunting" and of "sport."

A short time back the young Durbhunga Rajas had a big day out, and slaughtered in a few hours nearly four hundred head of big game. It is true that in India large bags have always been in fashion with native sportsmen, but until very recently their weapons were not "arms of precision," and every individual beast that died cost the hunter a certain amount of physical exertion, and in many cases required great personal bravery. The bow, the spear, and the sword were then all weapons of the chase, and the princes rode on horseback among their quarry, and so, though the sport was something like a battue, it entailed on the sportsmen engaged a certain amount of hard bodily work. Spearing leopards and sabring wild boars were ordinary methods of Oriental sport, and as a rule, in the days before breech-loaders, young Rajas rode to their game, and killed it, so to speak, "hand to hand." Each day's slaughter was of course prodigious, for after the necessary permission was given, every man of the suite was at liberty to kill, and with hundreds of horsemen all busy at once among the terrified droves of deer, the bags were naturally immense. Yet no one could grudge the hunters of those days their trophies of horn and hide and tusk, for if their carnage was great, it was obtained at considerable risk to horse and to rider; and indeed the accidents and wounds were often so numerous that it might have been thought that, instead of a day's pleasure, there had been a general action. Now it is very different, and the large bags of modern Rajas are the produce of pure battues. The Durbhunga youths, for instance, with their splendid batteries of arms, their matchless "Shikarry" elephants, and all the command of hunting resources, densely stocked preserves, and countless skilled beaters and assistants, which their vast wealth gives them, achieved a maximum of slaughter with a minimum of inconvenience.

Six tigers, thirty-six buffaloes, a hundred and forty pigs, and two hundred and thirty deer are certainly a royal total. But what sport could be found in firing from the top of a haystack into a farm-yard full of sheep and cattle? For the six tigers there was excuse enough and to spare, and we can only wonder and regret that under such conditions the number of tigers killed was not far greater, for six on the first day is a poor result for a drive on such a scale as this must have been. For the three dozen buffaloes (or bison, whichever they were) there was only slight excuse, and we trust, on behalf of the Hindoo gentlemen concerned, that there were none of the semi-sacred "gaval cows" among them. Their food is purely wild stuff, and their habits harmless to a degree; but then they are wary and hard to get out, huge in life, and difficult to manage when wounded or defending calves, so that in comparing the deaths of these cattle there was some underlying apology of real sport. The next item is one hundred and forty wild pigs. Even supposing they were all boars—as we have hoped all the buffaloes were bulls—and that there is no "tent club" within hail of Durbhunga, or spears known upon the Raj, the reason for such a wholesale manufacture of pork is not obvious. The pigs, it may have been, ravaged the crops, and in behalf of the ayots such slaughter became a paternal duty, for the pig can work terrible havoc in a khet of sugar-canes in a single night. Yet the great drive does not appear to have been a retributive expedition against the devastating porkers. The victims appear, therefore, to have come into the bag only by the accident of having got in the way of the beaters, and eventually trotted along through the jungles with peacocks and porcupines and other small fry, until they found themselves among the elephants and the breech-loaders. The error was then past retrieving, and the droves of swine, whole "sounders," where they stood—young and old, he and she—went down before the sportsmen's bullets. No animal known to hunters excels the pig in pluck, or, when thoroughly put out, in downright ferocity. He will charge an elephant as gayly as he will charge a coolie, and will turn upon a tiger as promptly as upon one of his own kind. For the Sahib on his Arab he has no manner of respect whatever when he finds he can not get away from them; for then, concentrating his hatred into one terrific snort, and all his strength into one rush, he brings down both the horse and his rider in a common ruin. Upon the ground, a man has little chance against a pig, and the tusker seems to know it, for it gives itself up to the task of ripping the sportsman with an integrity of purpose that would be delightful to contemplate if it were not so dreadful. The Durbhunga hogs, however, had probably little chance of displaying either their pluck or their ferocity, for, like all animals in a battue, they become bewildered by the general stampede, and infected by the common panic, rushing for safety among the tent equipage of the hunters, or abandoning themselves in helpless despair to deaths unworthy of their courage and traditions.

For the two hundred and thirty deer there can be no apology whatever. The tigers were fair game enough, and the buffaloes not altogether amiss; even the pigs, as criminal marauders of the crops, may have deserved to suffer; but what had the deer and the antelope done to be involved in the general massacre? Several species were no doubt fellow-victims in the holocaust, from the stately sambhur to the preposterous hog-deer, but all innocent alike, and, in a drive that had such splendid possibilities of nobler trophies, most of them quite out of place.

They are princely hosts, however, these young Rajas, the scions of a princely house, and under their auspices such sport might be enjoyed as hardly Stanley or Livingstone could match, or Gordon Cumming beat. Besides the tiger, buffalo, deer, and wild boar already mentioned, the elephant and the rhinoceros can still be seen in their native haunts; the panther, the hyena, the wolf, and the nil-ghai abound, as also do horned game of many kinds. The swamp deer, one of the finest of the family, and the glorious sambhur, the "elk" of Ceylon, are among the prizes of a successful stalk, and the spotted deer and black buck offer chances of pretty shooting. Birds, of course, are in plenty, while the miscellaneous population of a tract of virgin jungle, as represented in a well-managed drive—but with the true sportsman always allowed to scamper or fly past unmolested—is extraordinary both in numbers and variety. Monkeys and badgers, mungooses and wild-cats, an occasional ant-eater, hare, or porcupine, jackals, and a fox or two, slip by as quickly as they can, with a constant accompaniment of pea-fowl, parrots, game birds, and others, running on this side and on that through the cover, or streaming with startled cries overhead. The true sportsman, however, has a love of nature at heart; and in the published works of such heroes of the Indian hunting field as Campbell, Elliott, Forsyth, Kinloch, Baldwin, McMaster, and the rest, nothing is more fascinating than their conspicuous abstinence from large bags of harmless creatures. And the charm of the jungle with rifle in hand is no doubt immense, but those who have used their weapons best have always shown themselves keenly alive to the pleasure that is to be derived from the observation of wild nature and a generous forbearance.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AFTER years and years of patient and solicitous training, the beard of a Cincinnati man came to be twenty-five inches in length, whereupon he went into a machine shop, and thoughtlessly permitting his beard to become caught upon a rapidly revolving shaft, lost it in the twinkling of an eye.

It is not to be doubted that many persons derive comfort from the philosophic study of statistics. When the man who had investigated thunder-bolts and their ravages announced that fewer persons were killed by lightning than by the casual falling of buildings in cities built outside the belt of earthquake catastrophe, he allayed the fears of a great many who had been accustomed to seek refuge in feather-beds every time a thunder-storm came on. A Boston newspaper now declares that of the 61,000,000 persons who were carried an average distance of fifteen miles by the railroads of Massachusetts last year, not one was killed "except by his own fault." The statistic is comforting in the main, but the limitation is peculiar, oracular, and unsatisfactory.

A letter to the London *Times* says that Paris is almost childless. Tradesmen wish their wives to help them in the shop, and in order that the wives may be free to do this the children are put out to nurse in the country. The same custom is general among all working people. More than fifty per cent. of the children born in Paris die in the baby farmer's hands, this correspondent declares, before they have reached their second year. Forty *crèches* have been established in the city, but the counter influence of these has been trifling. A nurse of whom no questions are asked charges twenty-five francs a month for the keep of a baby, but those who are registered and overlooked demand fifty francs or more. They find their customers among the prosperous middle classes, but the working people can not afford to go to them.

A correspondent of a Texas newspaper complains that it is difficult to compose a well-turned and rhetorically satisfying letter amid the Babel of this city. Effort that would produce a rhythmic and stately composition in Austin results here in a scampering and spasmodic rub-a-dub-dub. Thoughts undergoing the process of being set upon paper are jounced up and down as if in a hopper, and alight in the way that Heaven pleases, straggling along somewhat after the manner of election returns.

A resident of Belfast, Maine, declares that within one hundred rods of his house there is a stump from which was cut one of the masts of the frigate *Constitution*. The stump is almost obliterated. It was pointed out to the resident, who is now eighty-five years of age, by his father. The father saw the tree cut. Another tree had been selected for the mast, but it lodged and broke while being floated down to tide-water.

A number of servant-girls in Lisbon, Dakota, have become land owners. They have taken up claims under the homestead act, and intend cultivating them by contract. The land in each case is worth from $500 to $750. Then there are the pre-emption and tree-claim laws out there, and under the happy working of these a young woman who is a clerk in a Lisbon store has come to own several quarter sections of land worth $25 dollars an acre, and a number of town lots, which she bought with the savings of her wages when prices were low, are now salable at ten times the price she paid for them.

A merry but penurious old shop-keeper in an Indiana town said to two young women of delicate nurture that he would give to each of them a silk dress if they would drive his two hogs to the butcher's. The hogs were enormous, and painfully difficult to drive; but the young women put in a just claim for the silk dresses on the following day, and public opinion compelled the merry and penurious old shop-keeper to respond to it.

Meer Ghoolam Baba Kahn, of India, gave a great dinner in honor of three marriages in his family, and the bridal presents were displayed in a number of the chambers of his palace. The presents were of the most comprehensive variety, including drawing-room furniture, cooking utensils, horses and vehicles, and an overwhelming profusion of jewelry. There were anklets and bangles, and necklaces that weighed a pound each. On each of three days there was a procession a mile long, formed by one thousand coolies, who bore the wedding presents to the houses of the brides.

A chant-book, used by Padre Junipero Serra, of the old San Carlos Mission, near Monterey, is on exhibition in San Francisco. The padre died one hundred years ago, and it is not known how old the book is. The volume measures twenty-four by twenty-six inches, contains seventeen leaves of coarse parchment, and is bound between two oak boards covered with hide to which little tufts of red hair still adhere. The old San Carlos church is a ruin. There will be a celebration on August 28, the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Padre Junipero, to raise money for its restoration, and the chant-book will be given to the most generous contributor to the scheme.

A Chicago restaurant-keeper, having been interviewed, declares that a restaurant for women exclusively would not pay. He has noticed, he says, that when women are brought to lunch by men they eat liberally and expensively, but that when they come alone they treat themselves in the most niggardly fashion. They lack neither appetite nor discrimination, but they are unwilling or unable to pay handsomely for what they eat. The usual dinner of a woman who pays for it, this expert avers, consists of a small steak, a dish of stewed oysters, or whatever may be bought for twenty-five cents, and the woman wearied with shopping takes tea and toast.

It was in Chicago and recently that a lady was robbed of her seal-skin sacque while she was walking in the street. She was going home from church, and another lady was walking with her. A sleigh with two men in it dashed up opposite to them and stopped. One of the men jumped out, took off the seal-skin sacque from the lady, jumped back, and the sleigh flew away like a flash. Both ladies screamed. A window was thrown up, and a citizen put out his head, and fired a pistol at the robbers. They fired back. No one was hit. The sacque was not recovered.

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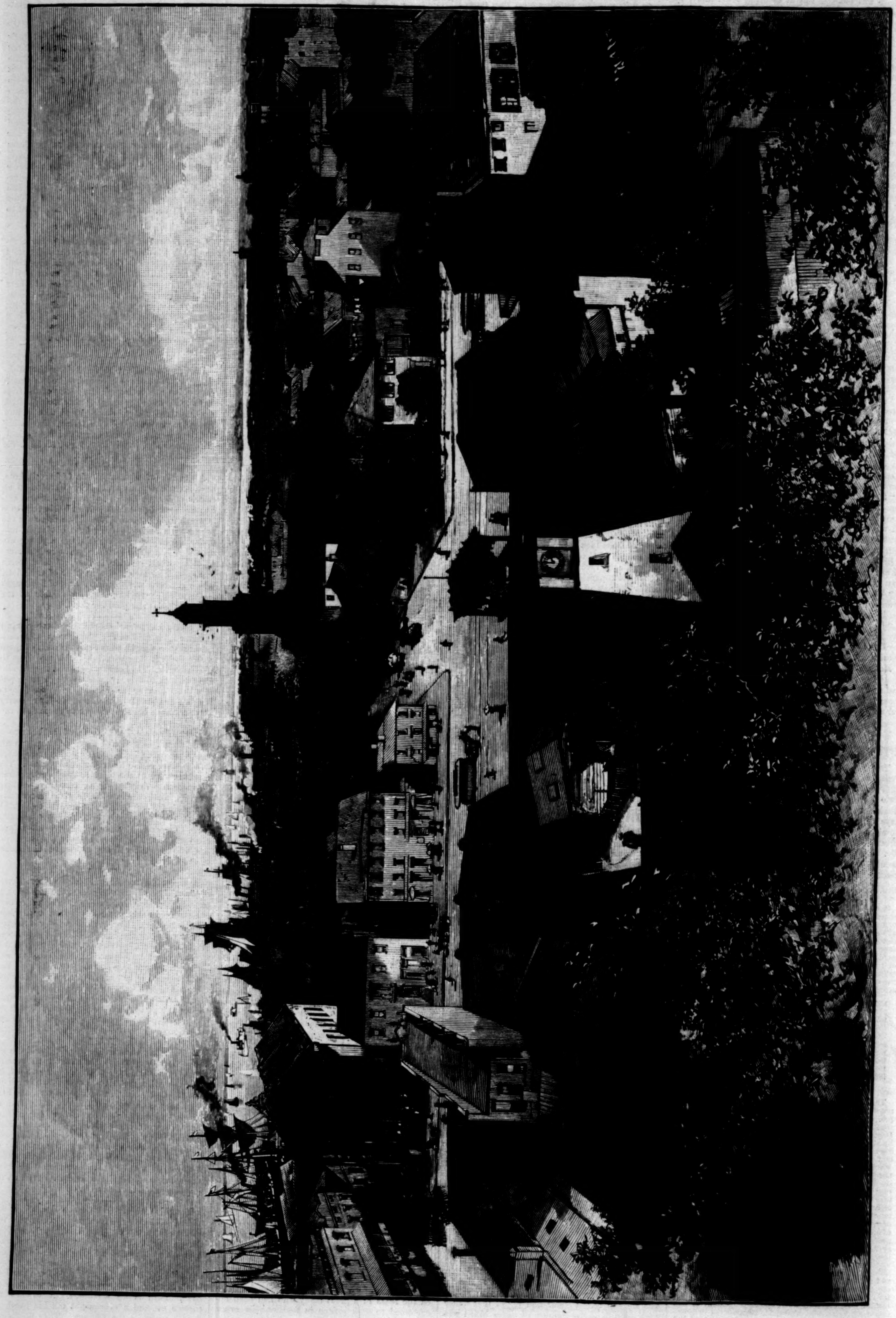
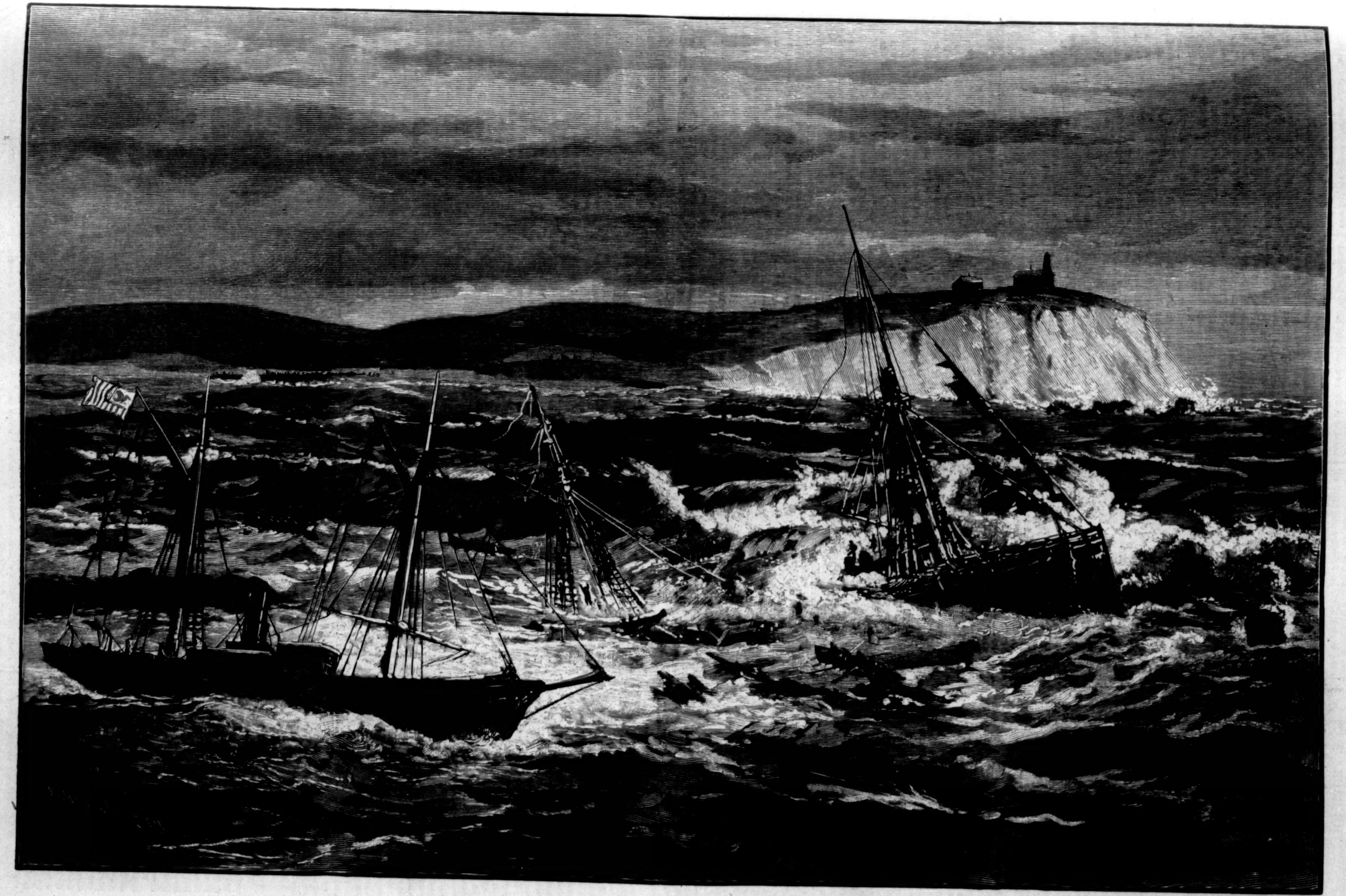
* Last six months. † Approximate.



MOBILE—THE GULF CITY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 78.]



THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS."—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from a Sketch by an Officer of the United States Revenue-Cutter "Dexter."—[See Page 81.]

THE RACE.

The guests were gathered in the ancient park
Of my Lord Wynne, and he was now their mark
For wit and gossip—quite the usual way,
Where one bestows, and no one need repay.
"A stumbling-block his pride; his heart's in strife
Between two women, which to choose for wife.
He's always hovering round that lovely girl,
His lawyer's daughter, who will never furl
Her flag of pride: she rivals Gilbert there.
Now watch their meeting; none more bravely wear
Their beauty, recognize a woman's own,
Than Clara Mercome. Gilbert Wynne has sown
His wild oats for her sake; yet he delays,
And with my Lady Bond divides his days.
"Who bets on beauty, hedges in on age?
Which tries the flight to perch in Lord Wynne's cage?
Will Lady Bond, or Clara, be the queen?
For Lady Bond is certain of her lien."
He heard this talk while standing by a beech—
Hugh Wynne—and planned how he might overreach
Gilbert and Clara, break the pride of both,
Part them for good, or make them plight their troth.
"Now for a race," he cried, "to Martin's Mill;
The boats are here; behold, the lake is still.
Here, Gilbert, take your own; I'll follow soon,
Though sunset's nigh—to-night is harvest-moon.
Let go the rope, the knot's inside; take these,
Arrange a seat, adjust it at your ease.
She's here. Miss Mercome, you will help him win
The race, and will not count my wager sin."
And he was gone; the pair were face to face.
"I'll take the oars," he gasped; "we'll win this race."
He never felt his heart so in his breast.
"I hope you will forgive my cousin's jest?"
A haughty murmur was her sole reply.
No rowers followed. Never did swallows fly
So swift, or dip the lake like Gilbert's oars.
But he was mute, and careless she. "There soars
A heron, quite a feature of your state:
Are gems and peacocks, tell me, still in date?
How deep the woods upon the water steal,
One to the other making soft appeal!"
"Not being human, wood and water meet
In their own speech, and soulless things are sweet
Together. So they are to me. I like
To watch the herons by the sedgy dike;
They keep me tranquil; and I love to feed
The pike in yon old pool; they help to lead—
Why, here is Martin's Bridge, and yet no boats!
Shall we return?" Said Clara then, "There floats
A lily bed beyond; let's shoot beneath
The bridge, and lilies pull; I want a wreath."
He knew the channel narrow; it was dark;
But his heart leaped at this relenting mark.
He drew his oars up, pointed in the helm,
And shot in the cool gloom. He thought no realm
On which the sun had shone was half so bright.
And somehow Clara thought it nice as light.
The waters swirled so swift that in the noise
Clara grew dizzy; Gilbert lost his poise,
And lost an oar; with a confusing shock
The boat was grinding—stopped against a rock.
"Gilbert, my dear, are we not going down?"
"Dearest, my love, we were not born to drown.
Oh, kiss me; we are safe; and grant me now
Yourself. I'll gather lilies for your brow;
And Hugh will know that I have won the race,
And Clara, my dear wife, her rightful place."

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER.

Among the passengers who landed from the steam-ship *Cephalonia* in this city on the 18th of January was one whom the reporters described as an affable gentleman of middle age, with an intellectual cast of countenance, dark eyes, short gray mustaches, and handsome features. He was Señor Juan de Valera, the new Spanish Minister to this country.

To one of those reporters he said: "I have always been much interested in the institutions of this country, and having studied the politics of foreign lands, I desire to acquaint myself with the society, manners, and customs of the United States. If I find that I can gain information enough, and that I am capable enough, I shall write a book about America. Though I have no special instructions from my government, a large part of my immediate work will concern itself with the commercial treaty between this republic and Spain."

Señor Valera is no stranger to the diplomatic service. He has served as attaché to the Embassy at Naples, as Secretary of Legation at Rio Janeiro, as Minister to the German Confederation at Frankfort, as Envoy Extraordinary to Lisbon, and as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He is a stanch Liberal, a Senator for life, a member of the Madrid Academy, a celebrated author, and an acute critic. Spain seems to have sent us of her best.

FEBRUARY.

When the high-handed Cæsars set about distributing the year into a calendar of twelve months, it was originally arranged that they should alternately have thirty and thirty-one days apiece, except February, which was only to have twenty-nine three years out of four, and thirty on the fourth. But Augustus Cæsar grumbled at his own month having only thirty, while Julius Cæsar's had thirty-one. So, to please a man, they had to rob a month.

Wretched February, already the "poor relation" of the calendar, was therefore formally docked of twenty-four hours to all eternity, and August—all to please a haughty emperor—got the stolen day. It did not matter that the calendar was all spoiled by his miserably grudging his dead uncle an extra day, and that the intelligent and symmetrical alternation of the months was thus destroyed. He insisted on his having as big a month as Julius had; so poor February, the butt of the almanacs, had to come down to twenty-eight in the men's years and twenty-nine in the women's.

Midway in the ordinary month, however, befalls the great feast of St. Valentine, and once in four comes at the end the mystic twenty-ninth, when women may do as they like, and men only as the women like. So February has, after all, taken revenge upon the year, and what it lost in length has made up in power, and in leap-year, the best in the quaternion, it is the best month, and therefore by special privilege "the ladies' month of the ladies' year." In the ordinary sort of years men may propose and women dispose, but whenever, as school-books teach us, the number of the year is divisible by four—the sum, that is to say, of two couples—the women both propose and dispose too. This is as it should be, and in the present advanced stage of woman's rights we may be sure that such a privilege as that of shaping the destinies of man will not be lightly abandoned by the fair.

Why the year should have been called "leap-year," seeing that it does not leap at all, but, on the contrary, proceeds more smoothly from the end of February to the beginning of March than any other twelvemonth, and why, from old pagan kalends, and the old pagan method of dating backward and forward from them, the year should be called "bissextile," it is not worth while for us, living at the end of the nineteenth century, to ask, and those who lived before our year "one" did not dare to ask; for when the Cæsars gave orders, no one questioned their reasons. And as for myself, the irregular old calendar, which I can not remember without a nursery rhyme on the different lengths of the months, has done well enough to mark the lapse of time, and so I need not grumble. Least of all may the ladies complain, for besides the privileges which they have been graciously pleased to allow men to confer upon them as being appropriate to every day of the year, they possess under the Cæsars' arrangement of the months the whole twelvemonth as their inalienable own, and in it one day on which "no man may dare to say them nay, let woman ask him what she may."

The rhyme is as old as the hills, and if "the ladyes" should be questioned as to the charter under which they exercise their rights, they may quote the following: "Albeit it is nowe become a part of the common lawe in regard to the social relations of life that as often as every bissextile year doth return the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by words or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper." Three hundred and eighty years ago that sentence was written; so that in 1500 "the sole privilege" had already become crystallized in "the common lawe" of society. And if this antiquity is not sufficient authority to satisfy their questioners, "the ladyes," I doubt not, will find gracious arguments of their own to convince the men that they have an indefeasible right to do what they choose at all times of the year, and that in leap-year they may also choose what to do. And so, seeing that there is pleasure either way, it seems to me of little moment which gives or takes, and a change once in a way can run no risk of being disagreeable.

"Making love either by words or lookes" is a duty which, as a rule, men perform with a universally commendable diligence; and as it is the only duty for which as much can be said, it is fair to argue that the process must recommend itself to them by something unusually agreeable and pleasant, either during its continuances or in its effects. Nor, judging from events, is it much out of the way to infer that there must be some kind of pleasure also in being made love to "either by words or lookes."

Young men nowadays, it is said, are giving up matrimony as if it were some silly old habit suited only to our grandfathers and grandmothers. But the complaint is an old one. Pagan youths were blamed for the same abstention from marriage more than eighteen hundred years ago, and yet the world has got along. It is, however, beyond doubt true a certain class of young men do speak lightly of home ties and home life. But women are the best advocates of marriage, and their love-making could take no more effective form than that which made men as certain of women not being extravagant as they are already of their being lovable. Years ago in Burmah the ladies of the court met in formal parliament to decide what should be done to cure the increasing aversion of young men to marriage, and their decision surpassed in wisdom all the rulings of the Sanhedrim. They altered, by an order from the palace, the style of dress to be worn by all honest women, reduced the ornaments to be assumed by wives to the fewest and simplest possible, and ordained that at a certain age women should withdraw from the frivolities of fashion and of the fashionable world. Success was the result, rapid and complete, and young Burmah went up in a body to the altar.

A RUSSIAN RESTAURANT.

Come and dine with me at the Hermitage Restaurant in Moscow. On this side you will find dozens of elegant little salons for supper parties; and should you wish to come in from the country for a night, with a wife bent on opera or ball, with supper to finish, you can have suites of apartments, *salon chambre à coucher* and *toilette* included, with every luxury in furniture and feeding, for a less price than at the hotels. On another side will be found Russian baths revelling in marble and mirrors. Here, with all the accessories Petronius could imagine or Catullus describe, there are no magistrates to ring a curfew bell, or say when a man's appetite is to be choked off; and the place can scarcely be said to close from year's end to year's end.

You have ordered sterlet soup for dinner; the price is fabulous, about half a sovereign a basin, and not to be compared to clear turtle, but the expense of the delicacy makes it very much desired. The ordinary Russian soups are much nicer. Stchy, for instance, a popular green soup made of cabbages, to which you add sour cream, is really excellent. Batsenia, though not to be sneezed at for its flavor, one has to be acclimatized to. It is cold, made of kvass, a weak, vapid beer, and you add raw cucumbers, smoked fish, and chopped onions; by no means as savage as it sounds, but liable in its effects to encourage the doctor's assistance, until your interior has become quite accustomed to Muscovite food. Before beginning dinner come to the bar and try the *sakuska*. No Russian dines without taking his glass of vodka, and prodding a fork into a multitude of snacks of all kinds—caviare, cold meats, bits of fried fish, raw fish, pickled fish, edible mushrooms, dubious toadstools, anchovies, prawns, cucumber, onions, and radishes—for twenty copecks you may clear the lot, and have your go of spirits. As long as the fork is clean and the tid-bits are dry, the *sakuska* is a good relish before starting; but when one sees old generals with thick mustaches, and toothless counsellors with uncombed beards, holding their heads over the dishes while they ladle up salads and sauces *à la grace de Dieu*, the commercial buffet is not always appetizing.

MOBILE—THE GULF CITY.

The majority of Northern readers, if they hear the name of Mobile at all, associate it with vague ideas of an inland town, or, at best, as a station *en route* to New Orleans, and famed for nothing in particular. Corrected by that minority whom business or pleasuring has brought within her gates, or by that smaller one which reads the history of its own country, the Gulf City looms up as suddenly as surprisingly into the second city of its section in commercial importance, and as second to none in all those social aspects comprised, for want of some term more definitive, in the cant phrase "Southern life."

No upstart in the sisterhood of cities is Mobile, seated placidly on the west bank of her broad river, formed by junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee waters fifty miles north. Thirty years ago—had such fashions then prevailed—she might have celebrated her sesqui-centennial.

Indeed, as early as February, 1699, the famous Canadian Bienville followed in the path of De Soto and his successor, La Salle. Sailing through the channel between Ship and Cat islands, he landed at the Indian town which still bears the name of Biloxi. Thence Bienville, godfather of Mobile, passed to Dog River, eight miles below the present city site, and erected the historic fort St. Louis de la Mobile. Seven years later, lowland floods drove him to higher ground above. In 1711 he fought and treated with the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, erected Fort Condé, and sat down permanently where the second city of the Gulf region was to grow.

At this time the celebrated Canadian was Governor of the province of Louisiana—so named by La Salle in honor of *le grand monarque;* and Mobile was its capital.

Skipping the seventeen decades intervening, a glance at the Gulf City of to-day must be of interest.

From the tower of Central Police Station the artist shows most striking points that catch the eye in spreading vistas of streets stretching two miles in width by three in length within the city limits proper.

Strangely quiet and old-fashioned will the lower or business portion of Mobile seem to visitors fresh from the whir of the East or West. "The Levee," as the wharf front is rather misnamed, stretches lazily along the river for two miles, supplied with wharves and intervening slips, sufficient heretofore, but now cramped for the growing trade, foreign and coastwise. Venerable stores and warehouses supply ample room, some of them bearing names that date back half a century, and smack of foreign origin. Drays crawl by heavily laden with cotton compressed for shipment, or rattle briskly to the presses for fresh loads. "Order wagons" from wholesale houses, truck carts of market-gardeners, and hand-carts pushed by negroes, seek the unique two-story steamers lying at every slip, carriers of that river trade of the interior so valuable to Mobile.

Tracks of the Mobile and Ohio and the Louisville and Nashville railways cut this river face—Front Street—connecting at the new depot now erecting by the latter, to form one unbroken line of rails from New Orleans to St. Louis, Chicago, and the West, on the one hand, or Louisville, Savannah, Norfolk, and the East, on the other. The Mobile and Ohio is now rapidly building a great new wharf for ship-transfers, and its early completion will be crowned with a grain elevator for Western produce.

Over all the river and bay hangs the blue-gray haze of this peculiar climate, touching the further shore with Italian tints that fade seaward into ocean blue, and leave a *dolce far niente* tone even on the picture of work-day life. Under it the negro stretches prone on the wharf planks, the *lazzarone* suns him on cotton-bale, the vender of orange, banana, or the ubiquitous pea-nut lazily plies a profitable trade. Pleasure-craft glide from the shipping to skim the smooth waters of the river, or even tempt the bay beyond Mobile light; some seeking the many resorts of the "Eastern Shore," connected by a line of summer seats and gardens, that end at far Point Clear, the "Newport of the South."

Very pretty are the suburbs of Mobile, but with a beauty widely differing from the thrifty, spic-and-span new outlines of more northern cities. Cool, picturesque homes show through ample grounds, flower-laden, and shaded by giant magnolias, oaks, and cedars. Many show marks of age, but all are half hidden in flowers, while many devote long sweeps of garden to market produce, which yields so early and so rich a reward.

Sunset-dyed hills, cut by shady roads, lead to these suburbs of Summerville, Spring Hill, Cottage Hill, and the rest. The second is the seat of the famous Jesuit College, equal in repute to that of Georgetown, while Summerville boasts the fine Convent of the Visitation and the residence of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, of *Vashti* and *St. Elmo* fame.

Winding southward from the city, along the bay shore, is Mobile's great pride and show point, the Shell Road. Clean and smooth with fossil mussel shells, this popular drive gives view of sea and shipping on one hand, of flower-hidden dwellings on the other, for six good miles. The Gulf breeze sweeps through groves of magnolia, bay, and cedar, and greets city lungs with almost tropic odors, while whiffs of land breeze, stealing over shrubs and flowers, come laden with other pilfered sweets. At intervals we see Frascati, the first public rest, lying in full sea-view, and offering a breather for young and old; Arlington fair grounds, where annual fairs and summer camps are held; and, near the lower end, the old club-house of the Magnolia Jockey Club, with its race-course, so popular with horsemen everywhere as the best winter stable in the South.

For several miles beyond the Shell this rare drive winds through grand old trees, swathed in the trailing Southern moss that waves ghost-like and gray in the rising moonlight, sifted through the leaves, until we near the vicinage of the old fort, St. Louis de la Mobile.

No drive more picturesque and novel can the tourist find; and even in midwinter the balmy air from the Gulf makes it a popular resort for the invalid and the do-nothing.

But it is time to speed back to town, by way of Magnolia Cemetery, on its edge. This "City of the Silent" lies still in the moonlight, for there "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" side by side with many of later note. The Southern "Soldier Rest" lies in the still shadow of its monument in native Alabama stone, one thousand gray head-stones telling briefly of duty and of death. Away to the south is Federal soldiers' ground, they who wore the blue and gray, side by side, to war no more, the flag-staff bare now, and pointing steadily to heaven.

Down we bowl through Government Street, noting the rare width of this long avenue of residences, each flower-hidden and with ample yard room. For here space, like time, is every man's; and every homestead has its eyes and nostrils on every side to take in nature's most bounteous gifts to man.

Round the corner, a brief spin down Dauphin, the next parallel street, shows equally picturesque dwellings thus far up. Below, and bounded by the Western Market, we reach long lines of stores and shops, which line this Broadway of Mobile for a full mile, till the electric lights show us into Royal, the boundary of the business streets parallel to the river-front.

Hotel, bar-room, saloon, restaurant, and that local institution, the coffee-saloon, with neat waitress and excellent chocolate, all seek Royal as their favored street. On it at intervals are passed the Post-office and Custom-house, granite-built and spacious; the County Court-House, the Municipal Buildings, and the principal "Southern Market."

Busy and unique are the scenes thereabout if it be Saturday night. Bonnet and bandana, broadcloth and homespun, jostle and mix; for your Mobilian is not impartial to his inner man, and the market is served as amply and as daintily as any in the land. As a fish mart the Gulf City stands peerless; pompano, Spanish mackerel, snapper, red-fish and numberless small fry claiming popular favor with green and "gopher" turtles, diamond-back terrapins, crabs, shrimp, and oysters, claimed to be the best that open shell. Fruits, home grown and directly imported, tempt the palate with fresh flavors, unknown after imprisonment in crates and shops far away; and vegetables of all kinds surprise the stranger by their quantity and early appearance here. Game in season is always abundant—and notably so with ducks of all kinds—while meats exceed the demands of a climate claiming less fuel and more lubrication for the human machinery.

For this climate of Mobile is almost perfect. Mild, genial, and even, its colder terms are so tempered by Gulf breezes as never to shock with sudden change. The same cause dries the air, dissipating fog and miasmatic exhalation, till like the satyr of the fable, visitors marvel at the same wind blowing hot in winter and cold in summer. It is matter of record that the hot waves of each year register lower temperature in Mobile than in any city of the North or of the inland South; and the winter climate is so mildly even that a skim of ice even is rare.

The Gulf City, therefore, holds out beneficent arms to the invalid, especially to such as suffer from or dread pulmonary and throat disease, or whose nerves shrink from rough and sudden attacks of Northern winter.

Dry, pure, and soft in climate, with unsurpassed markets and roomy residences, cut by pleasant drives through pretty suburbs, and with a cordial and social population, novel in habit and pursuit, Mobile grows more popular each year as a winter resort. The number of resident tourists during the past winter more than doubled that of any preceding year, and loudly vaunting the advantages of the Gulf City, these became its best heralds. In brief, here is a climate less damp and more unvarying than that of Florida, greater ease and cheapness of access from any distant point, with social features wholly unique and always interesting.

For Mobile's 40,000 of population vary more in nationality and descent than almost any in the States. French and Spanish are the parent stems. On them are grafted German, Irish, Italian, English, Swede, or Scandinavian in proportion as named, while about twenty per cent of negro and mulatto population, with a small admixture of Indians and Chinese, make up the quota Mobile adds to the census. The native

American population is drawn largely from descendants of the Virginians and Huguenot Carolinians of colonial days, the men

> "Who rode with Smith around the land
> And Raleigh round the seas."

Largely descended from foreign stock, Mobile is not largely creole in the strict sense of that term, for the true creole is the child of foreign parents born on American soil; and while foreign sentiment and even foreign tongue color much of the social life, time and circumstance have made the creole proper a rarely met citizen.

Naturally, with such varied origin, touched by habit and tradition of the long ago, Mobile possesses many social features wholly unique. These, in turn, react upon her modes of business, of public pleasuring, and of home life, none of which are much better known abroad than are those dramas of life and of literature enacted for centuries behind the great wall of China.

Ever and anon, about this quaint and quiet city, one finds traces of those original spirits who planted the gonfalon and the fleurs-de-lis in the shadow of the magnolia. Progress sends the glare of her electric light through broad streets where Bienville and Chateaugne marshalled grim soldiery, cutting sharp silhouette of Choctaw squaw and pappoose, changed in nothing, even to grimy blanket and wicker pannier on back. Small fagots of light-wood fill the latter, or bundles of sassafras root, whence is ground the famous *fili* for that "gumbo" which is verily an empty name to him who has never delighted in it hot from the creole cuisine. The squaw's scream of "Chumpa" (buy some) mingles strangely with the street-car bells, the tramp of drilling soldiery, and the party-colored eloquence of the patent peddler. But the Choctaws are only a miserable remnant now, the men rarely leaving the migratory villages out of town, content for the women to earn the pittance that purchases their *pan y toro*—rum and meal.

Unique also is the "Diego," found only here, of Spanish or Italian origin, and confining his labor mainly to the fisheries or to the fruit and retail tobacco trade. Of yore the waters of Mobile Bay were held as in fee simple by these swarthy children of the sun. Theirs by that divine "right of thumb," noted in the commentaries of Tony Lumpkin, the fish and fruit of the Gulf City had never been touched by others until the last decade. Skillful and bold, fearing neither winter "norther" nor summer cyclone, their light craft and market stalls descended from father to son. But progress has doomed the Diego. Resistless iron arms now reach for his hard-won profits, to scatter through the distant West, for pompano and banana are not deemed too bright and good for Western nature's daily food. Antique methods of individual labor are melting before new modes of capital and combination, of which the Diego knows nothing and recks about as much. But rapid transit and refrigerator cars have taken him for bait; the next decade will see him as one more of those curious relics which realize the past of all the creole cities of the South. For them—*tempora mutantur*.

But most marked in Mobile's progress toward to-day are the rapid changes in her gardening and timber systems.

While Cotton was King absolute and his courtiers could do no wrong, millions of acres lay about this city idly fanned by the breezes that played with tassels of the useless pines. Gradually but surely facts forced their way to sensible men. They saw that increasing rail competition must defeat the system of water transit which had poured millions into lazy laps. Little by little it came to be confessed that no Southern sea-port could depend on *cotton alone* and still hold her importance.

Mobile saw values of the staple decrease year by year. In 1871–2 receipts of 288,012 bales produced $28,369,182. In 1881–2 only 22,972 bales less realized only $14,577,200—scarcely more than one-half. Moreover, to keep her cotton, Mobile was forced to reduce all charges and commissions, which had formerly been so profitable.

Mobile was slow to accept this stern logic of facts. Whether from inborn and climatic causes, or from long usage, she clung to traditional idols; and the writer who dared touch the truth sharply was deemed a rank iconoclast. Indeed, all Southern cities, and especially the creole ones, were wont to cling to old methods. What grandsire had done, grandson loved to do; and, until later, distance from the bustling marts of vigorous East and growing West favored the *dolce far niente* style of earning in five months competence and ease for the remaining seven.

Old Mobile worked from September until April; then went fishing or picnicking until the end of August. New Mobile works five months on everything that promises to pay best, and prepares steadily, meanwhile, to work equally hard on what is sure to pay well for the other seven.

Once she handled only the crops of the back country of Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi tributary to her. These she handles still, arranging all the while to handle crops of her own undreamed of then, but equally remunerative and far more self-sustaining. Now she feeds herself, and of her surplus sends largely to St. Louis, Chicago, and other cities of the West.

Where the winds sang lullabies in the pine-trees ten years gone, they now waft northward smoke of many chimneys and whirr of countless saws. The tall pines have toppled to the axe, their straight trunks and smooth limbs bending to busy breezes as masts and spars on many a sea, while massive timbers and sawed lumber float down every available stream and busy every railroad connecting with deep water in Mobile Bay.

With surprising suddenness the Gulf City has risen to first importance as the very centre of the timber trade. Aided by natural position and many minor advantages, its value has doubled year after year, until what seemed an uncertain experiment as late as 1876 stands a greatly paying fact in 1883. In the year first named the gross product of the foreign shipment of timber and lumber from Mobile was about $135,000. In 1882 it foots up $494,331, without noting the coastwise trade, which handled last year 16,389,000 feet, as against 1,188,512 feet in 1876!

The wail of the pessimist has been heard in the land to prove that progress of trade will produce a timber famine. Without wearying statistics it may be briefly stated that Louisiana alone has at present more than double the resources of Michigan. Both Alabama and Florida have four times as much each as Louisiana: so that until Michigan becomes a beggar it will be needless for Mobile to hand round the hat. At this writing she is the timber port of all Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, with parts of Florida: a word is sufficient to the wise.

What is true as to growth of the timber trade is to even greater proportions true of the local coal trade. Indeed, so fraught with business hope—and with even national meaning—is Southern mineral growth that prudent reticence must be used to gain distant credence. Many years have these known El Dorados of auriferous coal and iron lain open to men, awaiting only the Ponce de Leon of capital to touch them to practical life. Space is demanded for even a glimpse at this interesting topic.

In a word, the coal trade of Mobile has within a decade come fully up to her cotton interests in importance and in promise. In 1871 her coal-yards received but 6757 tons; and of this Alabama coal was only 353. In 1882 the receipts reached 23,463 tons, of which Alabama coal footed up 22,345.

These estimates, it should be noted, are made for years ending September 1. The present one will show still more decided increase, for United States vessels already seek Mobile as the cheapest and safest coaling station on the Gulf; and even the New Orleans furnaces and gas companies are contracting with coal firms of Mobile.

Vegetables—cheap fuel for the human furnace—have also taken a sudden "boom," equally profitable on smaller investment. The cleared timber lands and waste commons have responded to the sudden tickling of the hoe with heavy crops of cabbages, potatoes, tomatoes, beans, and other "garden sass." Out of the overplus naturally grew a trade that now absorbs diligent attention and considerable capital in Western centres and in Mobile. New and just developing, hopeful indications of a great business double, as does the timber trade. Leaving statistics, and noting one thing only, the figures of year before last show shipments of cabbages alone to the extent of 16,596 crates. Last year, up to the month of July, the figures for cabbages alone run up to 25,215 crates.

To paraphrase Willis's tailor at Niagara, Gods! what a place for *sour-krout!*

But, glancing back from Mobile's awakening into the busy life of to-day, it may interest to have a glimpse of her *siesta* of yesterday.

Prostrated by the war, to which she contributed lavishly money and men, the Gulf City arose from the long struggle exhausted, beggared, and nearly hopeless. Apathy, in some sort, follows all defeat, and she was no exception to the rule. Gradually business declined, and values declined with it. The "Levee" grew less and less busy; ledgers grew more and more dusty. Business had been long interrupted, and its modes were changed by change of carriage systems. Old men are slow to learn new methods; Mobile's young men knew the camp better than the counting-room. Lower fell the receipts, hope fell with them, and values necessarily followed both.

The history of all cities is marked by cycles of depression, varying in origin and extent. Tonic causes must come to produce reaction, or the city dies.

Mobile had rounded her cycle, and the most grewsome pessimist within her gates could have craved none more protracted, gloomier, or more doubtful. Real estate tumbled to nominal figures, with no buyers at those; young men by scores—cadets of old families whose grandsires slept unknowing at Magnolia's scarce more "sleeping city"—sought new homes; cobwebs inwrapped many a sign, and threatened the same for many a brain more.

Ten years have passed. Business has revived, values have increased. We have seen Government Street running two miles west from the river, and on its entire length there is no building lot for sale to-day.

Driving for miles through shady roads around the city, new fences everywhere embrace freshly turned land, or old ones inclose green fields of "truck" that spread away for miles. Sales of lands, heretofore untouched and undesired, are of daily record, and "good spots"—idle a few years back—can not be had to-day for five times the price that would have been grasped eagerly four years ago.

To condense, Mobile is "on a boom," and the reasons, condensed, are, diversified industry, acceptance of the methods of to-day, and, in great part, her improved harbor.

Water gates to the Gulf commerce have long puzzled engineers, and Mobile's was no exception. Precedent to 1878 the bar at Dog River shifted between nine and ten feet, and government aid was wholly inadequate to improve its condition. Without rolled a harbor where fleets of a world's commerce might ride at anchor; but they would not ride, so long as the moths of lighterage and triple handling ate all profit from the cargo. In 1879 Major Damrell, United States engineer in charge, was placed in funds sufficient to work out practically his scientific plans. Within three years he secured to Mobile a ship channel from her wharves to deep water in the Gulf of Mexico 150 feet wide, and with continuous depth of seventeen feet at mean low tide. The influence of this work upon trade need not be touched upon.

Limits like the present must needs omit many points of local importance, and of general interest as inviting immigration of good population. Scarce a glance can be given at Mobile's pioneer "Cherokee Cotton Mills," which send their yarns and rope as far west as San Francisco and St. Paul; or at her furniture, barrel, and broom factories, shingle and stave mills, or the many minor industries that follow extended trade and increased facilities.

With diversified population, which still clings to social tradition of the past, the Gulf City is hospitable in frank, unostentatious fashion. Echoes of stately dinner and grand ball haunt the memories of old-timers from those *ante-bellum* days when cotton was coined and lavishly dispensed. Changed surroundings of a somewhat changed people leave society still genial and pleasant. Social pleasuring is incessantly sought and reciprocated, while the public side of the social picture is excelled in taste and brilliant coloring by no city on this side of the water. For the whole people are amusement-lovers, and the creole blood touches everything with brightness and beauty. At a "patgo shooting," a picnic, or a grand carnival pageant these Gulf citizens are equally apt.

"Mother of Mystics" is the just sobriquet Mobile enjoys, for she is the venerable parent of American carnivals which now echo abroad about Mardi Gras. Her eldest society of secret maskers antedates the famed "Mystick Krewe" of New Orleans by more years than the latter numbers to its existence. On New-Year's Eve, 1883, her quaintly named "Cowbellian de Rakian"—parent of all mystic mummers in the South—celebrated its fifty-second birthnight, a junior club holding at the same time its forty-ninth revel. These, with younger societies, combine elements and experience which make Mobile's mystic displays the facile peers in brilliance, design, and effect of those in the Crescent City.

Taking color, perhaps, from these ancient mummers, Mobile "turns to favor and to prettiness" all her public pleasures. Her firemen parade yearly with engines decked in allegorical or fancy designs, men and horses literally loaded with flowers, and the whole city flying bunting and making public holiday. Associations and societies of whites and blacks have picnics and excursions always preceded by tasteful street parades; costume balls for young and old are frequent.

Even "Memorial-days"—for decoration of the soldiers' graves—take singular beauty from vast masses of floral shapes and bright bouquets, that "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Amateur theatricals are frequent and well conducted, their more popular form being light opera. Public theatricals, too, are well patronized if good, especially grand opera, or even bouffe and bands. Good plays and players are certain of success; but no city in the South leaves so severely alone what is known or reasonably supposed to be bad.

These public tastes are but reflexes of that which tones the home life of Mobile. Most of the parlors are tasteful; many of them beautified by decorative art of the family. For Mobile laughed good-naturedly at Oscar Wilde's visit, and went on quietly to improve upon what she knew before he came. Her "Women's Exchange"—a mixture of utility and decorative art—shows some excellent work; and the "Amateur Department" of her last May Fair displayed embroideries, painting, and other decorative work creditable to any city.

Nor is Mobile behind any in those military matters which rule the Young America of to-day. Her "First Alabama" regiment is a veritable *corps d'élite*, embracing in its ranks war veterans and the cream of city youth. Its extensive armory and its general equipment are favorably compared with others by visiting experts; and its annual encampment, on the Shell Road, is a source of equal profit to the men and of delight to the girls they do not leave behind them.

T. C. De Leon.

ARCH IN THE NANKOW PASS.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the uselessness of the great wall of China is a magnificent white marble arch erected in what is known as the Nankow Pass. This is one of the few passes in the chain of mountains separating China from Inner Mongolia, and is celebrated as the way by which Gengis-Khan entered China in the early part of the thirteenth century. The triumphal arch was erected in his honor, and it is remarkable not only as a monument of that mighty warrior's conquests, but also as a work of art, and the only record of a lost language. The face of the arch is elaborately carved in the semblance of a dragon, and on the inner surface are bass-reliefs of Buddha resting his feet on the shoulders of men. On the inner surface there is also an invocation to Buddha in six languages—Chinese, Sanskrit, Thibetan, Uighur, Nyuché, and an alphabetical language called Bashpah, of which this inscription is the only trace. The inscription begins, "Hail to the jewel in the golden lotus!"

The appearance of such a magnificent work of art in the midst of the wildness and desolation of that rugged pass strikes the beholder with astonishment. There is nothing to lead up to it or qualify it in any way. The pass looks like a rent violently made in the mountains, and though travelled for hundreds, probably thousands, of years, it looks as fresh in its roughness as if made but yesterday, for no defined road leads through it, and it is impassable for vehicles. The eye, accustomed to frowning cliffs and the bowlder-strewn bed of the occasional mountain torrent, looks for nothing else, when suddenly the gorge narrows, and is spanned by this exquisitely carved marble arch. No one who has passed through that gorge will ever forget the sensation produced by that sight.

THE QUILTIN' AT OLD MRS. ROBERTSON'S.

One night in the Christmas old Miss Rober'son she gin a quiltin'. It sot into rainin' that mornin', but I 'ain't never seed no sort of weather that could back down this settlement from gwine to a party.

Pap 'lowed if they knowed it would rain tadpoles and pennywinkles they'd go to a frolic, whether they was axed or not. But if any of 'em goes thar drunk, and gits to cuttin' up, it don't take long to *ax* 'em off, in perticler if Buddy and Iky Rober'son is about. One feller tried it thar that night. He was drunk, and limber as a dish-rag, a-windin' all over the house, and tried to "set up to" Sissy Tucker. She wheeled on her heel and left him. Then he sot in to *cussin'*, and he got tuck out by the year—Buddy he mighty quick showed him the big road. It made Mol Freshours monstrous mad; she 'lowed, "Sissy Tucker slighted Skimp, and when she slighted Skimp Wigginsoker she slighted her betters."

We uns mought have walked over thar that night, but we didn't want to git our Sunday shoes ruint in the mud; so Buddy he taken us in the ox waggin, and we had a power of fun, for Jinsy Whetlock was along.

She came home with me from Atlanty, Georgia, when I went over thar to see Cousin Calline Mason, and she never was at a quiltin' in her life. When we fust got thar the house and pi-*a*-zer was jam full, and it looked like they was all gethered at meetin', and waitin' for the preacher. You mought have hearn a pin drap, they was all so still, and settin' up stiff like they was afeard to move. They had the benches outen the school-'ouse sot around agin the wall, and a-settin' on 'em thick as biscuits in a oven, the gals all on one side of the room, and the boys on t'other. The gals had thar heads combed slick as ribbins, and thar faces full of skin powders.

If Bud Hamilton can't stir and mix a crowd together, nobody else needn't try. The old folks was all in "t'other house" across the piazer a-quiltin', and left the young folks to thar selves. They was waitin' for the fiddler, but the minute Buddy got in he sot 'em all to playin' kissin' games. He tied a knot in the cornder of his hankercher, and let in to hittin' Iky Rober'son over the head.

"Contented or discontented, Ike?—say quick, or I'll beat you till you tell me."

"Discontented."

"What 'll content you?"

"For all hands to play Johnny Brown."

"I don't want to play *that;* it's got kissin' in it, and maw don't 'low me to kiss," says Mandy Strong.

"Well, you uns ken start you up a game of thimble over thar in the cornder. All them that's in favor of playin' Johnny Brown till the fiddler comes, jine hands in the ring," says Buddy.

"I'm discontented agin," says Iky.

"What 'll content you?"

"For Miss Arminty to stop quiltin', and come out of t'other house in here and jine the play."

That sot the whole gang to gigglin', for they knowed he *didn't* want her, and was makin' fun. "Miss Arminty" is a sharp-nose, long-neck, old maid, that goes ever'whar, whether she is wanted or no, and talks about ever'thing and ever'body. Ever'body's business is hern; she is too idlesome and do-lesst o have any of her own. Her tongue is the occasion of a heap of devilment in the settlement. I never lets her hear me say nothin', if I can help it. She is shore to tell it, and git it all twisted so by the time you hear it agin you are ready to swar you never said it.

I tuck Jinsy in "t'other house" to see the quilt. The room was 'most full of old women, and dim with terbacker smoke from thar cob pipes. Miss Gooden and maw and Aunt Nancy and old Miss Strong was doin' some good honest quiltin', but t'others was doin' more talkin' than work.

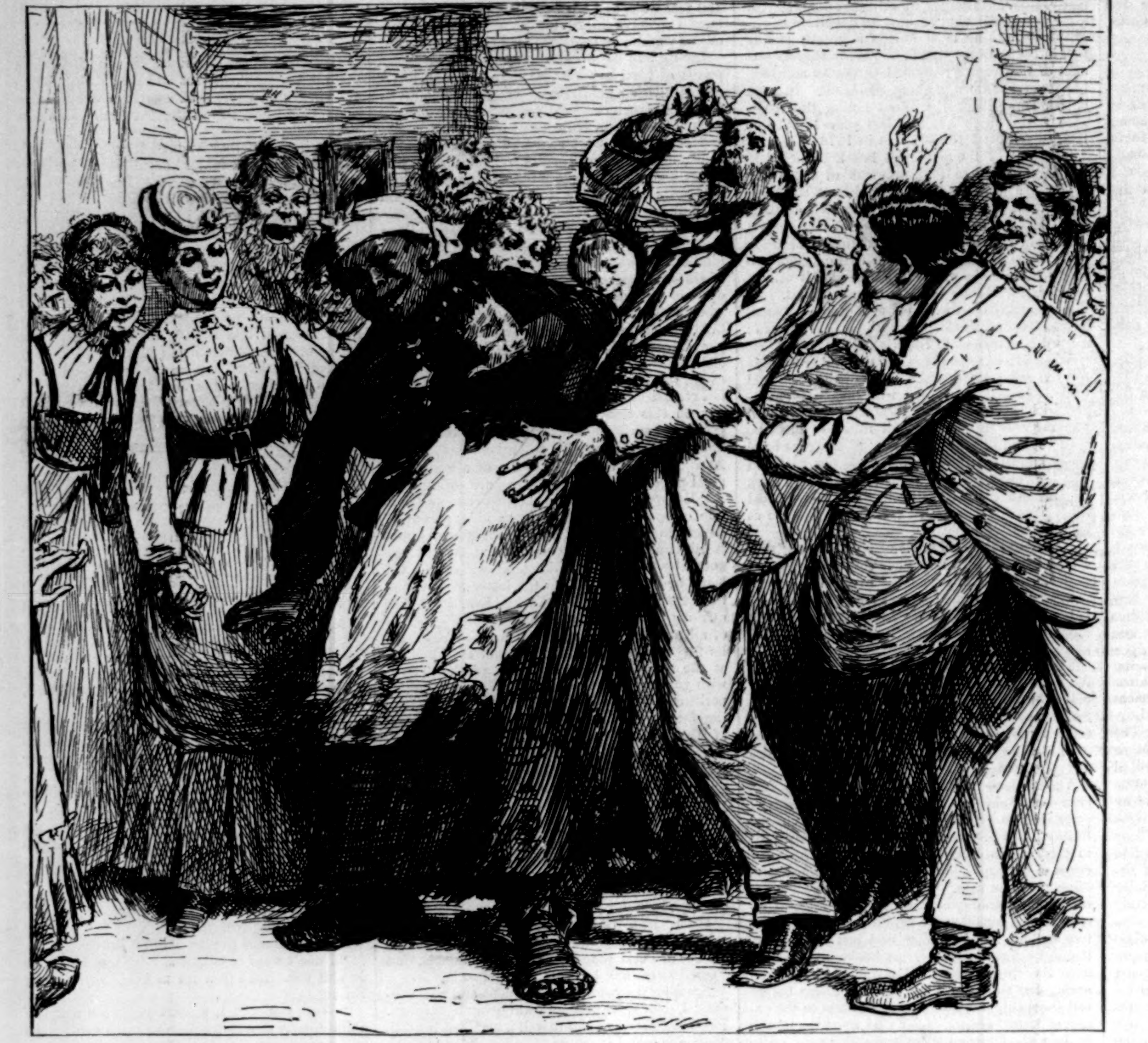
Old Miss Freshours had left the quilt bekaze her feet was cold, and drawed a three-legged stool up in the cornder, and slipped her feet outen her shoes, and stuck 'em to the fire to warm. She was tellin' a dream she had about the comet and the world a-comin' to a eend, and it was so miracklus ever'body held thar breath and never batted thar eyes. She had a big snuff mop in her mouth, and as she talked she spit on the hath.

Old Miss Green sot right fernenst her on t'other side of the fire, chin in her hand, and elbow on her knee, puffin' away at her pipe. She is monstrous fat, weighs over two hundred. She doctors the whole settlement on roots and barks and yarb-tea mixtries, and they say she can't be beat makin' of a pine-pitch plaster.

The fiddler had come, and dancin' was gwine on in t'other house. We could hear Iky Rober'son's big mouth callin', "Balance all," "Swing corners," "All promenade." Old Miss Freshours is a terrible old sinner, but she is agin dancin'. Her feet is none of the *littlest*. She crossed her knees, and gin a monstrous big spit of snuff over in the fire (most put it out), and 'lowed, in a religious tone, "Wa'al, all them ken dance that thinks thar ain't no fire and brimstone hereatter; but, thank my stairs, *dancin'* is one sin I'll never have to account for."

It e'en-a'most kilt Jinsy. She pinched me, and crammed her pocket-hankercher in her mouth to keep from laughin', for she had been a-wonderin' if them feet had ever shuffled to a fiddle and whispered to me, "It's a pity but what she'd keep as good watch over her tongue as her feet."

Old Miss Green fetched a long breath, and 'lowed: "I wish I had as many dollars" (puff, puff) "as I have danced till atter midnight" (puff, puff), "and I'd a sight a-ruther my gals would dance" (puff) "as to play them ar kissin' games" (puff, puff, puff); "but I don't see no harm in nairy one" (puff). "Too many *mi*-rackles is made outen mole-hills nowadays anyhow to suit me."



TOM DAVIS DISCOVERS HIS MISTAKE.

"You uns all come in the kitchen and eat a bite of supper," says old Miss Rober'son. "Thar is a plenty of it, sich as it is; the backbone pie got a leetle grain scorched, but I don't reckin it's hurt. Iky fetched a few reesins from the cross-roads store, but they was smack and smooth outen candy. The gals has biled up some outen 'lasses, and fur as I'm consarned, I'd ruther have it."

"Me too, Sister Rober'son," says old Miss Green. "I'm sorter feared of this here painted bought truck anyhow; it mought be pisin."

They had supper enough to feed twice the gang. Piles of spar-ribs and backbones and sassages, and I never seed the like of ginger cakes and 'tater custards.

Airter supper they started another play. Made all the boys go out, and come in one at a time, and be blindfolded, and guess which one of the gals kissed him. He mustn't have but three guesses. They let Bill Gooden in fust, gin him a cheer in the middle of the floor, blindfolded him, and all the gals sung a song, and marched all around him. Somebody smacked him right dab in the mouth and run. Then they onkivered his eyes.

"I guess Miss Jinsy."

"No."

"I guess Miss Sissy Tucker."

"No."

"I guess Miss Mandy Strong."

"No. Take your seat."

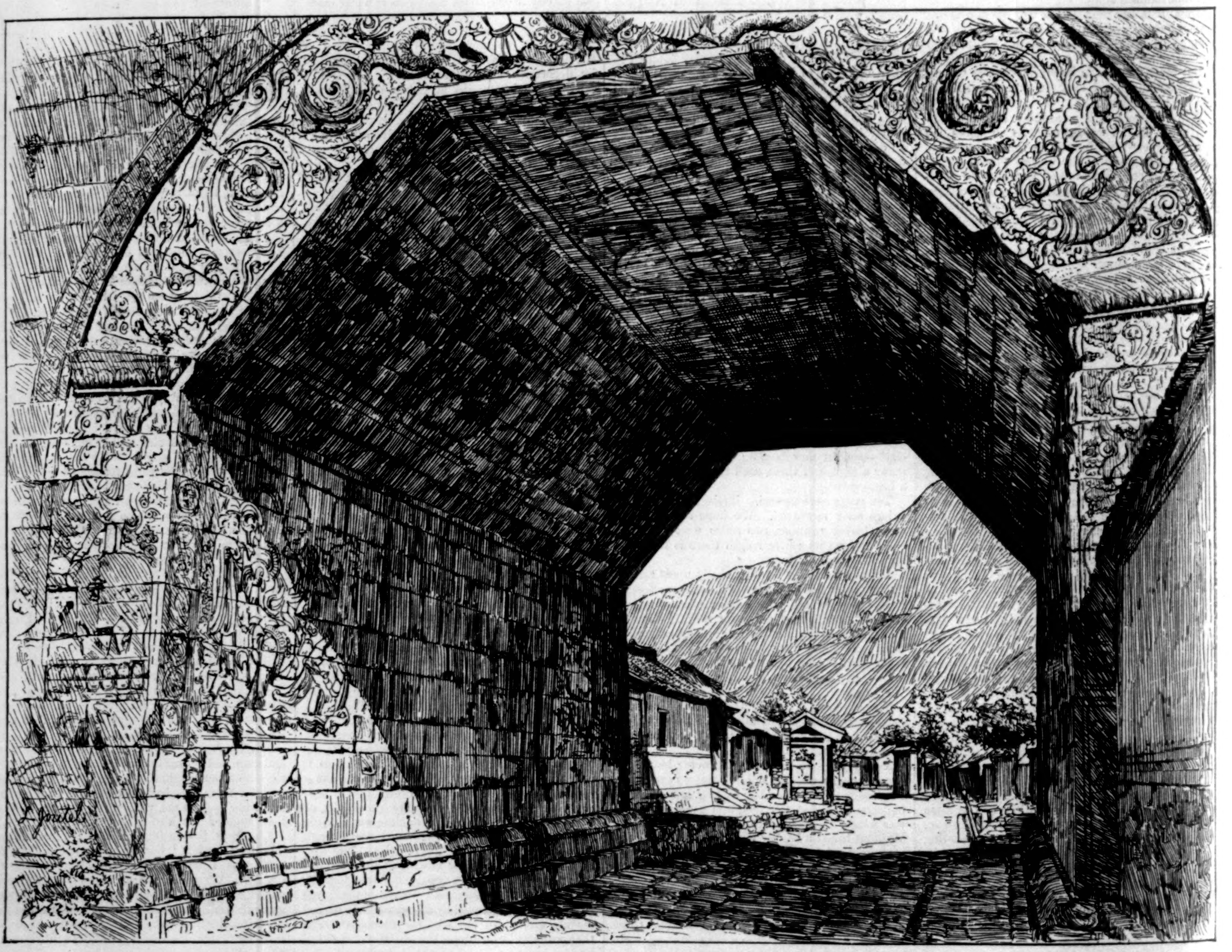
Then they let in another boy, blindfolded him, sung, and marched around, and in walked old black Mammy Hester, the cook, and smacked him right dab in the mouth, and run agin. They laughed powerful, and onkivered his eyes. Bill Gooden looked cheap, but in course he wouldn't "let the cat out," for "misery loves company." They kept comin' in, and every time old Hester, black and greasy as pots and skillets could make her, would kiss 'em, and run in the entry. Last they let in Tom Davis. He thinks so much more of hisself than anybody else thinks of him, they was glad of a chance to take him down.

"Blindfold me good; I bet *I* can guess," says he.

They marched and sung, and in walked old Hester agin.

Jest as she kissed him he said, "That's mighty sweet" and grabbed her. "It's Miss Man—" (raising the handkerchief). "It's Miss Mandy— Dog-gone your black infer—"

But Hester didn't wait to hear. He was mad enough to spit fire, and grabbed his hat, and jumped on his ridin' critter, and went flyin' home, leavin' the crowd laughin' fitten to die. BETSY HAMILTON.

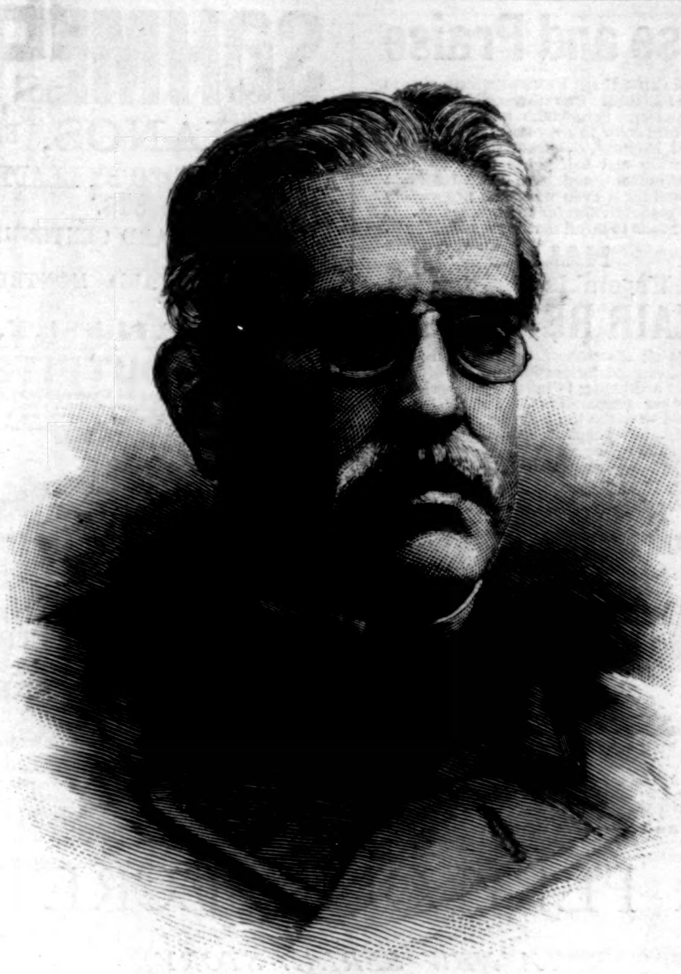


TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN THE NANKOW PASS, CHINA.—[SEE PAGE 79.]

THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS."

The wreck of the *City of Columbus* shocked the country as no like disaster has in years. It was so sudden, so complete, so terrible, and, we must add, so cruelly causeless, that the whole community felt a sense of personal grief and indignation over the accounts of it. The steamer sailed between Boston and Savannah, and when she sailed from the former port on Thursday, the 17th of January, she carried some one hundred passengers, most of them seeking health or recreation in the South. The company is reported to have been an unusually cheerful and hopeful one. The prospect of escaping the rigors of the New England climate made the keen northwest wind which swept in from the Atlantic a reminder of the discomforts and dangers from which they were fleeing. The night closed in upon them as they were skirting the wild shores of Massachusetts, but brought no thought of peril. The passengers went to their berths with the consoling belief that before the next night they would be well on their way to the land of lasting summer.

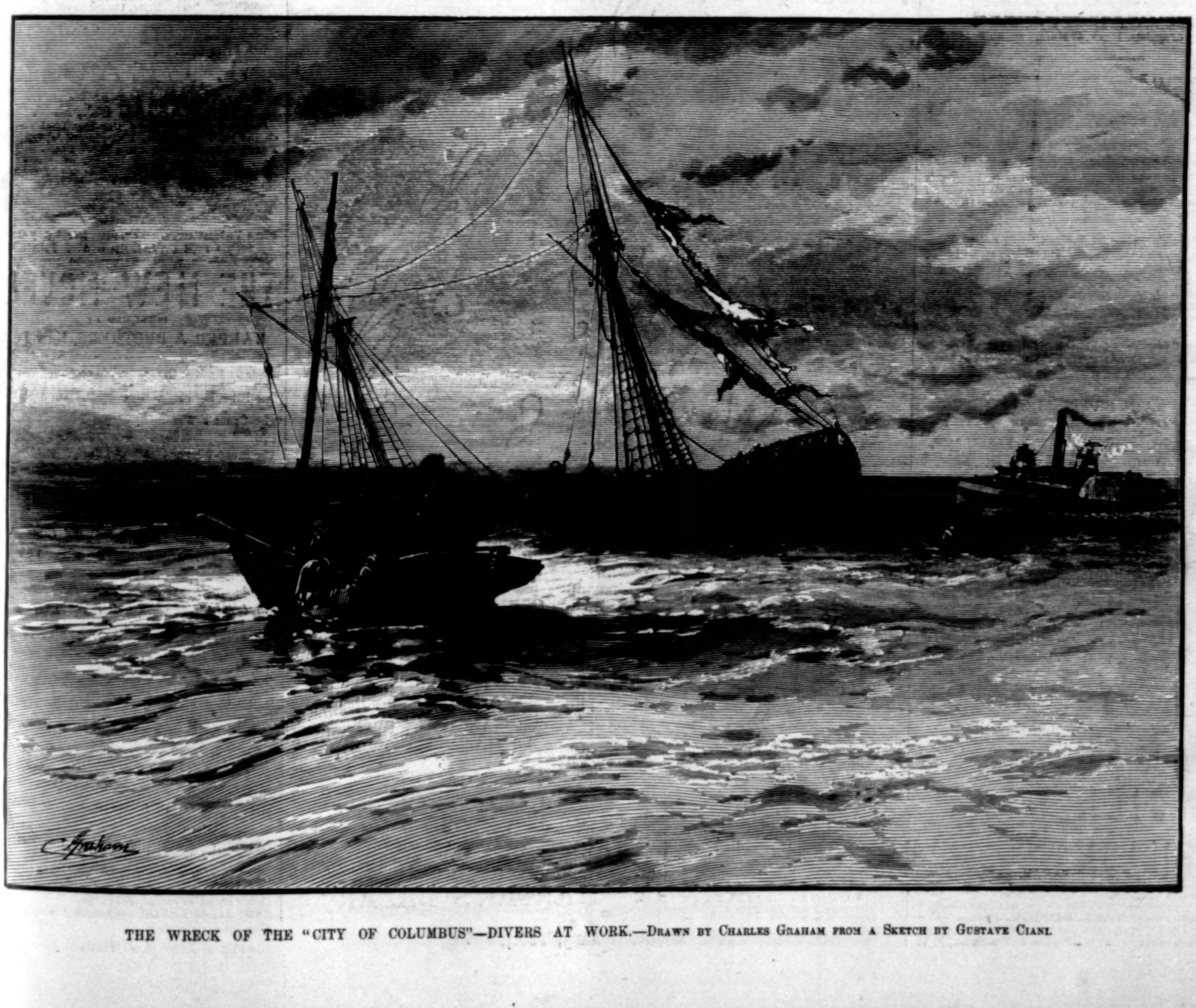
About the exact history of the conduct of the ship during this fateful night there is a cloud of conflicting testimony, which perhaps not even an official inquiry will be able to dispel. The coast in wintry weather, especially with a heavy wind blowing toward land, is generally regarded as very dangerous until after Martha's Vineyard is passed; but the whole region has been carefully and constantly surveyed, and charts of the greatest minuteness and accuracy are in the possession of every captain who has occasion to pass it. In the course usually followed by southward-bound coasting steamers the western end of Martha's Vineyard is regarded not only as the last but as the most seriously dangerous point. Beyond lies the open sea; and the sailor's confidence in a stanch vessel with plenty of "sea-room" is proverbial. "God help the poor landsmen!" is a familiar saying with them when their vessel is running before a gale with no land near. But to reach this wide haven of refuge in the voyage along the coast, after passing around Cape Cod and Barnstable shore — "the bare and bended arm of Massachusetts," **Thoreau** calls it—a vessel has to run in a southwesterly direction through Vineyard Sound, a passage wide enough with careful management, but beset with dangers for the imprudent, between the Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard. At the southwest extremity of Martha's Vineyard is a promontory, at its highest point of some one hundred and seventy feet, called Gay Head. On this headland stands the Gay Head light, of unusual power and brilliancy, and the principal landmark for the lower end of the Vineyard Sound. Beyond Gay Head some mile and a quarter there is a double reef of rock and sand—the outer one known as the Devil's Back, and the two together called, with the mariner's freedom from Puritanic scruple, the Devil's Bridge. The outer reef has a back like the steep gable of a long roof, and follows the course of the promontory, with an obtuse angle near the centre. The channel by which a safe passage past these hidden perils can be had is plainly marked by buoys, and runs fully two miles from them.



SEÑOR VALERA, SPANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.
Photographed by Bell.—[See Page 78.]

At the upper entrance of Vineyard Sound, Captain **Wright**, of the *City of Columbus*, says that he gave a course to the second mate, who was to be on duty, which would have carried the steamer at a safe distance from the reefs. Whether he did so, or the course was obscure, or the vessel was carried further out of its way than the officer realized, can not be now positively known. But what is known is that at 3.45 of the morning of Friday, the 18th, the wind being strong, and a heavy sea running, but the night being relatively clear, so that Gay Head light was distinctly visible, and the land on the port bow could also be seen, though not plainly, the vessel ran obliquely on the shelving surface of the Devil's Back, careened over instantly, sank rapidly toward the stern, and in a few moments was swept by the waves until the only place of even temporary and precarious security was in the forward rigging. A moment before the vessel struck, the captain in his state-room heard the sharp, alarmed cry of "Helm hard aport!" and before he could reach the deck felt the shock of the concussion. Other officers, hearing the cry, alarmed the passengers. Such of those as could, ran for the deck, but many of them failed to reach it, and were drowned by the water which flooded the after-cabin, some of them before they could escape from their rooms. The survivors describe the scene as one of terrible confusion. There were in the crew of forty-five only six able seamen. Some of the officers seem to have acted with courage, but there was no adequate effort to make use of the means of escape. Perhaps there was not time for any. A boat was lowered, into which several women and a number of men sprang from the deck, but it was instantly dashed against the vessel and crushed like an egg-shell. The life-raft was cut loose, with a number on or clinging to it, but the wave which carried it out on the tossing waters swept all its occupants away. It could not have been more than an hour at the most when the only living persons on the wreck —barely a score—were those clinging in the rigging, the icy waves pouring over them, and, as stated by one of their number, only able to keep their hold because their hands had frozen to the ropes.

It was seven long hours before any succor reached them. At 10.30 A.M. a life-boat put out from Gay Head and took away seven of the men on the wreck. Two hours later the revenue-cutter *Dexter*, Captain **Eric Gabrielsen**, approached, and a second life-boat was sent out from Gay Head. The boats from the cutter brought away twenty-one, of whom four were dead before they reached the cutter. And here occurred one of those heroic actions which light up the prosaic record of the peaceful revenue service as with the gleam of battle. When the boats returned to the cutter, two forms were still seen in the rigging of the wreck. Lieutenant **Rhodes** begged the captain to give him a man to steer, and to allow him to make one more attempt at rescue. He returned as near as possible, but it was



THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS"—DIVERS AT WORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham from a Sketch by Gustave Ciani.

plain that the boat would be crushed before the wreck could be reached. Leaving his own boat, and boarding the life-boat, Lieutenant RHODES tied a line about himself when about thirty feet from the wreck, and sprang into the sea. Before he reached the wreck a spar struck him, and he sank. Drawn back into the boat, he insisted on a second attempt, and this time succeeded in bringing back the last man in the rigging. The poor wretch was hanging head down, his feet caught in the ropes, and begged, "For God's sake, do not touch me!" He breathed his last before the cutter was reached.

On Wednesday the thanks of Congress were unanimously voted to the men of the life-boats, to Captain GABRIELSEN, and especially to Lieutenant RHODES, for their "brave conduct." The tribute was richly deserved, but there will be paid to them in the silent hearts of men and women all over the land, wherever unselfish devotion and fearless manhood are honored, a still more precious tribute of praise and gratitude and love.

Of the 125 souls on the *City of Columbus* only twenty-four were brought away in safety. Among these there is not one of the women and children. All but three of the fifty-eight cabin passengers were lost, fifteen of the twenty-two steerage passengers, and thirty-four of the crew of forty-five. The captain was among the last to leave the wreck, and appears to have borne himself after the wreck with courage. But a terrible responsibility rests with him, of which he can only relieve himself by throwing it upon his subordinates. That a sound and seaworthy vessel on a comparatively clear night, with the chief landmarks distinctly visible by which its course was to be guided, should have met with such sudden and swift disaster, and that not one in five of those on board should have been saved, is not to be explained by any of the inevitable risks which those must face who go down to the sea in ships. The owners may fall back on the dreary language of the law which protects them from claims for loss of freight, as caused by "the act of God," but the hundred precious human lives drowned or beaten out by the wild waves that swept the sunken but well-known reefs were lost by the acts of men, intelligent and accountable, with ample means for safely performing the trust they had assumed. It will add a new shadow to the awful calamity if they escape the penalty they deserve.

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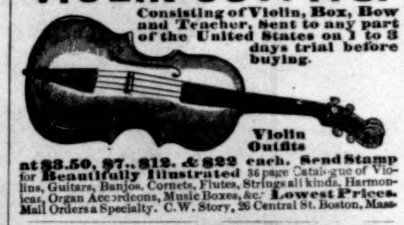

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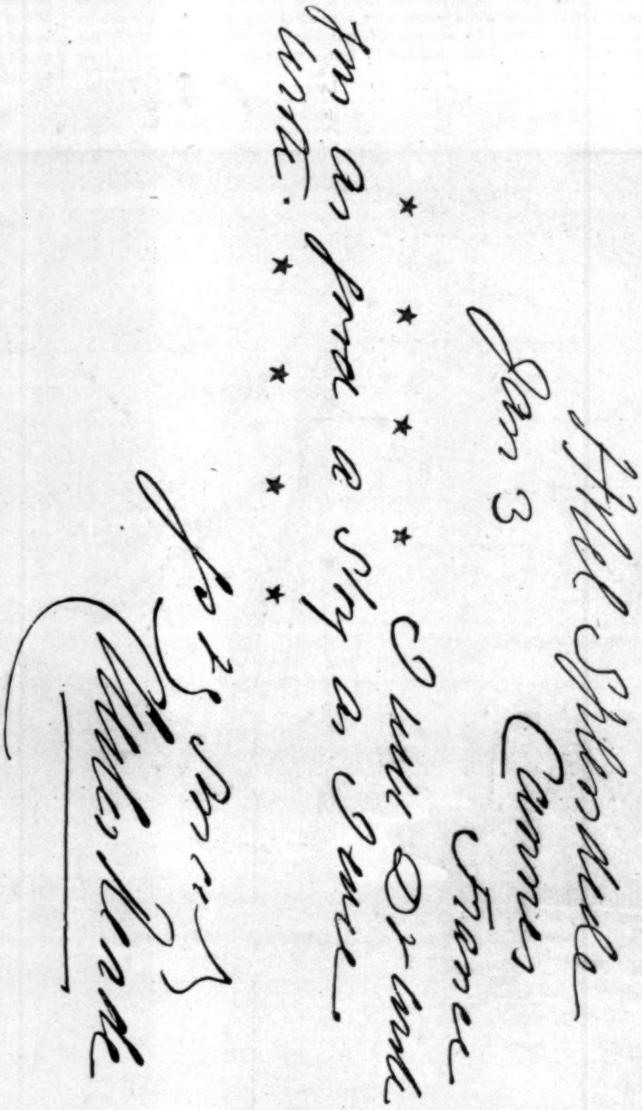

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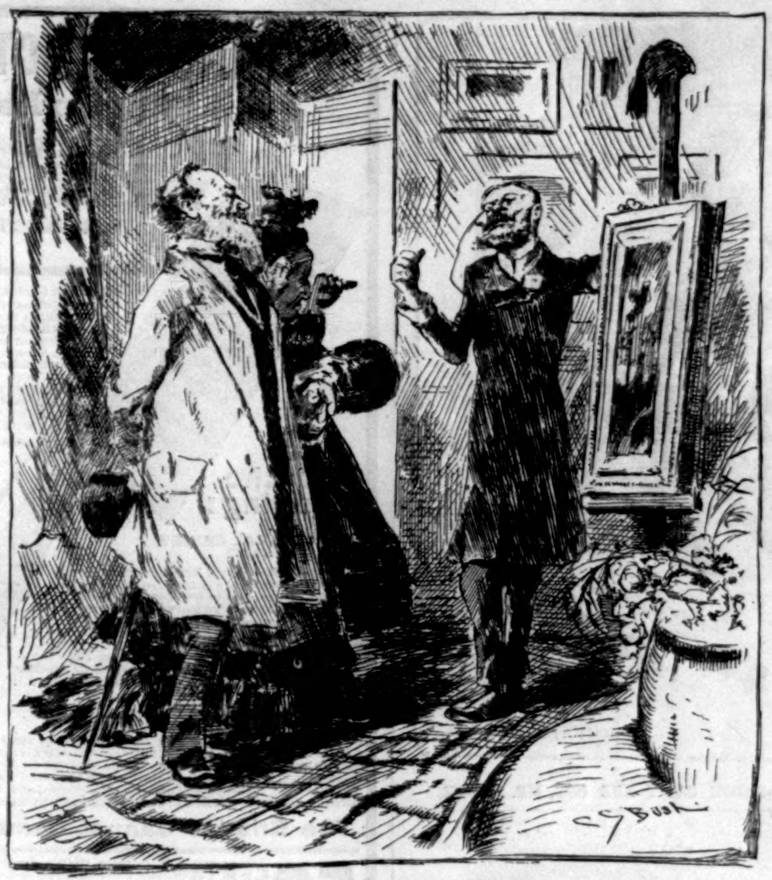

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